FULL 68 PAGES

AMAZING STORIES

Sinister TALES

APPROVED COMIC

№ 56

1/-

WAS IT REALLY "THE PERFECT CRIME"?

CONNORS HAD BRAINS, AND THE GREAT GAMBO HAD A STRANGE TALENT! SO THE WAY CONNORS FIGURED, IF HE WANTED A MILLION, ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS **TAKE** IT! HOW COULD HE FAIL?

OH, PERFECT CRIME!

SINISTER TALES No 56
Published by Alan Class & Co. Ltd., 54 Lymington Road, Hampstead, N.W.6
(copyright), and printed in England by Jenson Book Co. Ltd., Oadby, Leics

A SCRAWLED SIGNATURE, AND IT WAS DONE! EVEN ON THE FIRST DAY, MAC CONNORS WAS THINKING AHEAD...

ONLY, AT FIRST, CONNORS DID NOT TELL THE GREAT GAMBO ALL THAT HE WAS THINKING...

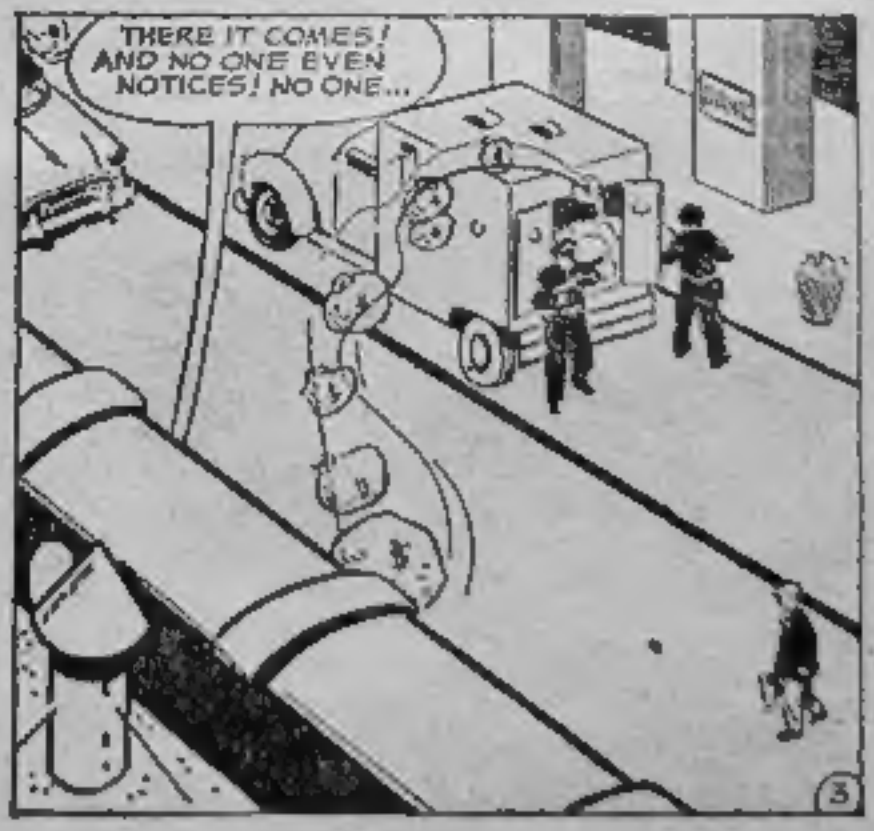
A FORTUNE FOR THE TAKING! THAT WAS WHAT CONNORS WAS THINKING! AND HE WASTED NO TIME! IN A WEEK, HIS PLANS WERE MADE...

BUT IT IS EASY TO *TALK* OF STARVING...

IN THE END, CONNORS WAS THE VICTOR...

IN THE END, A BROKEN MAN WANTED ONLY TO PLEASE...

A MILLION! THE BIG MOMENT WAS NEAR...



BLACKOUT! CONNORS' LAST MEMORY WAS OF FALLING PLASTER AND DEBRIS! THEN, THERE WAS A FACE HOVERING ABOVE HIM...

THE POLICEMAN GRINNED, AS CONNORS HAD GRINNED WHEN HE HAD FORCED GAMBO TO OBEY HIM! BUT IT WOULD BE A LONG TIME BEFORE CONNORS GRINNED AGAIN!

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, THE FABULOUS DRAKE DIAMOND LAY HIDDEN IN THE DUST OF THE CENTURIES! RISKING THEIR LIVES, THE FOUR FLYNN BROTHERS SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR THE LONG-LOST GEM STONE, UNTIL ONE OF THEM FOUND A WAY TO REACH ITS ORIGINAL OWNER!

MAN IN A TRANCE

KEN, DICK AND OLIVER FLYNN LOOKED AT THEIR YOUNGEST BROTHER WITH MIXED HOPE AND DISBELIEF...

THE BROTHERS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER EXPECTANTLY! A LOOK OF UNEASINESS CAME TO EACH FACE IN TURN! THEN UTTER DEJECTION...

THEIR FIRST LEAD BROUGHT THE FLYNNS TO A DESOLATE STRETCH OF SHORE NEAR NEWCASTLE...

FOR AN HOUR OR MORE, THEY DIVED IN VAIN...

FOR A FEW FRANTIC MOMENTS, AT THE BASE OF THE ISLE, IT WAS TOUCH AND GO!

IT TOOK SOME TIME AFTER THEIR ORDEAL TILL THEY COULD SPEAK AGAIN...

DRAKE CASTLE WAS SOME THIRTY KILOMETERS FROM NEWCASTLE, ONLY HALF-A-DAY'S DRIVE! BUT THEY SPENT TWO WEEKS DIGGING IN THE OLD RUINS...

RONNIE FLYNN'S IMAGE PASSED THROUGH THE CASTLE WALL, THROUGH THE INVISIBLE DIMENSIONS OF TIME! TO LOVELY LADY NANCY DRAKE, THIS WAS NO IMAGE, BUT THE MOST HANDSOME MAN SHE'D EVER SEEN...

RONNIE'S IMAGE VISITED LORD HUBERT DRAKE'S DAUGHTER OFTEN! IT HAD BUT ONE PURPOSE...TO LOCATE THE FAMOUS DIAMOND!

LORD HUBERT WAS INDIGNANT AT THE IMAGE'S REQUEST FOR NANCY'S HAND!

SO IT WAS THAT LADY NANCY TOOK THE FABULOUS DRAKE DIAMOND AND FLED WITH HER LOVED ONE! BUT SOON THE STONE WAS MISSED, AND THEY WERE PURSUED! IT WAS DUSK WHEN THEY REACHED THE NEWCASTLE SHORE...

LORD HUBERT ARRIVED A MINUTE AFTER THE DIAMOND WAS BURIED

LADY NANCY WAS SEIZED, BUT THE IMAGE SUDDENLY FADED... BACK THROUGH TIME'S DIMENSIONS, BACK TO RONNIE FLYNN!

RONNIE'S FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO CRY OUT WITH TRIUMPH WHEN HE FOUND THE DRAKE DIAMOND! BUT A SUDDEN THOUGHT STILLED HIS TONGUE...

RONNIE PRETENDED TO GO ON DIGGING, UNTIL HIS BROTHERS GAVE UP IN DISGUST...

DOCTOR STRANGE

"WITCHCRAFT IN THE WAX MUSEUM!"

FEATURING ONCE AGAIN THE AWESOME MENACE OF ARCH-EVIL BARON MORDO!

ANOTHER SENSATION FROM THE MOST WIDELY-ACCLAIMED NEW SERIES OF THE YEAR!

WRITTEN BY: STAN LEE, KING OF SUSPENSE

DRAWN BY: STEVE DITKO, MASTER OF THE MACABRE

LETTERED BY: ART SIMEK, PRINCE OF THE LETTERING PEN

ALONE IN HIS MYSTIC CHAMBER, THE MYSTERIOUS *DR. STRANGE* IS EVER ON GUARD, EVER ALERT TO ANY SIGN OF DANGER TO MANKIND FROM THE WORLD OF BLACK MAGIC!

IT IS WELL! I CAN DETECT NO SUPER-NATURAL FORCES MENACING EARTH AT THIS TIME! AND YET, WHAT IS THIS STRANGE PRÉMONITION I FEEL? AS THOUGH DANGER IS LURKING NEARBY!

SUDDENLY, THE OMINOUS MOOD IS SHATTERED BY THE COMMONPLACE JANGLE OF A NEARBY TELEPHONE BELL! AND SO...

THIS IS DR. STRANGE! WHAT--???

HELP ME, DR. STRANGE! HELP ME! YOU MUST COME AT ONCE! MY ADDRESS IS--

SECONDS LATER, AS DR. STRANGE'S PHYSICAL BODY REMAINS MOTIONLESS...

I CAN REACH MY DESTINATION *FASTER* IF I TRAVEL BY MEANS OF MY UNPHYSICAL ECTOPLASMIC SELF!

THIS IS THE PLACE! BUT, IT IS *DESERTED!*

ATTACHED TO THE PHONE --A *RECORDING DEVICE!* THERE IS NO AURA OF DANGER HERE! MERELY A RECORDING, LURING ME UPON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE HAD A *REASON* FOR WANTING ME TO LEAVE MY QUARTERS! I MUST RETURN WITHOUT DELAY!

THEN, AS THE MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC REACHES HIS SILENT STUDY...

MY PHYSICAL FORM!! IT IS *GONE!* SOMEONE HAS *TAKEN* IT!!

NOT JUST "SOMEONE", DR. STRANGE! IT WAS I, BARON MORDO, THE ONE WHO HAS VOWED TO DESTROY YOU!!
MORDO!! AGAIN YOU DARE TO ATTACK ME!!

YES, MY ACCURSED RIVAL! BUT THIS TIME I SHALL NOT FAIL! I CANNOT FAIL! FOR, SO LONG AS I REMAIN IN MY PHYSICAL FORM, AND YOU ARE TRAPPED IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM, YOU CANNOT HARM ME!
YOU KNOW MY BODY IS PROTECTED BY THE POWER OF THE VISHANTI! YOU CANNOT HARM IT, MORDO!

BUT I CAN PREVENT YOU FROM REGAINING IT! AND, AS YOU WELL KNOW... IF YOU REMAIN IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, YOUR PHYSICAL FORM IS DOOMED!
SO THAT IS, YOUR PLAN! TO KEEP ME FROM MY BODY FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, SO THAT MY MORTAL SELF WILL PERISH!!

AND ONCE YOUR BODY IS DESTROYED, YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM WILL SOON WITHER AND DIE! THEN I SHALL BE THE GREATEST MASTER OF THE OCCULT ON EARTH!
DO NOT GLOAT TOO SOON, MORDO! I HAVE THWARTED YOU IN THE PAST--I SHALL DO SO AGAIN--SOMEHOW!!

"NOT THIS TIME, STRANGE! FOR I HAVE HIDDEN YOUR BODY WELL! AND, EVEN IF YOU DO FIND IT, I HAVE PUT A SPELL OVER IT, SO THAT YOU WILL BE UNABLE TO REGAIN IT!!"

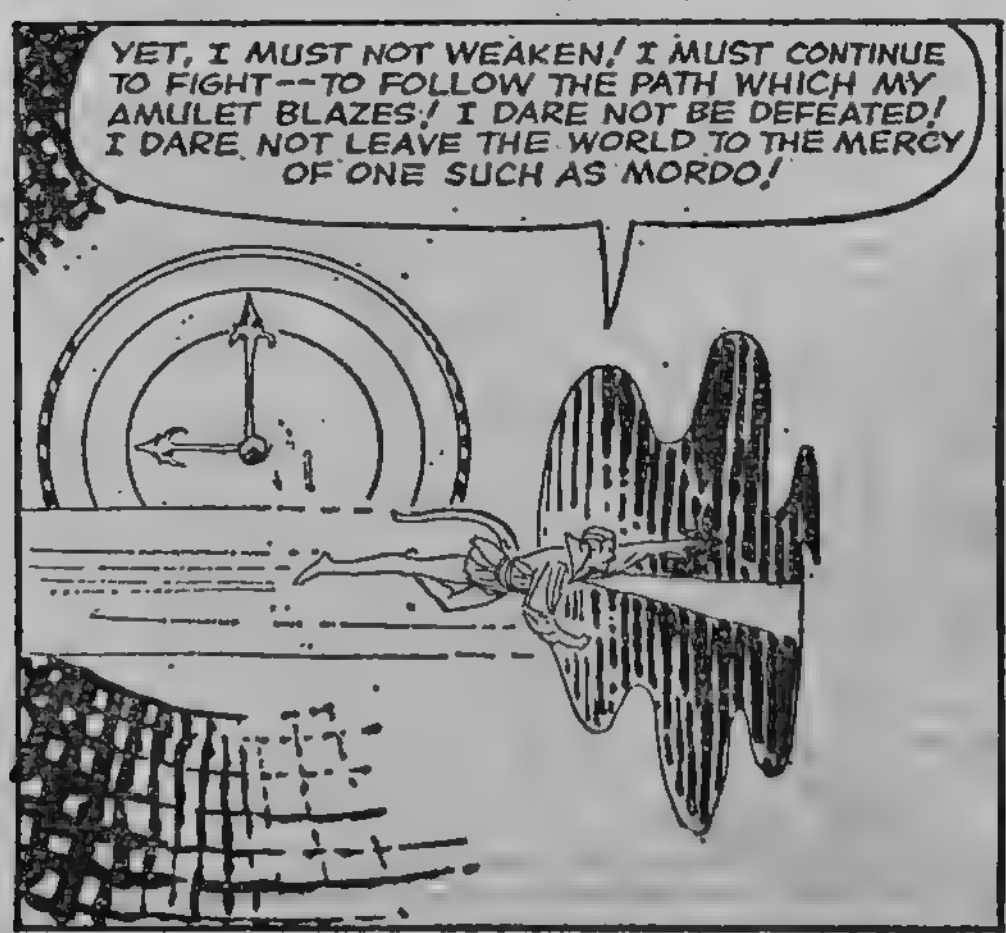
WITH THOSE LAST WORDS, THE PROJECTO-IMAGE OF BARON MORDO FADES AWAY, AS A DESPERATE DR. STRANGE, TRAPPED IN HIS ECTOPLASMIC FORM, BEGINS A FRANTIC SEARCH TO FIND HIS BODY BEFORE THE FATAL TWENTY-FOUR HOURS CAN ELAPSE!!
THE UNFAILING POWER OF MY AMULET SHALL LEAD TO MY PHYSICAL FORM NO MATTER HOW WELL MORDO HAS HIDDEN IT!

BUT, THEN...
ECTOPLASMIC ALLIES OF BARON MORDO!!
SO! EVEN THOUGH HE SAYS HE IS SURE OF VICTORY, THE EVIL ONE TAKES NO CHANCES! BUT I CAN DEFEAT ANY HE MAY SEND AGAINST ME!

BEGONE, DENIZENS OF THE DARK! LET THE CLEAN LIGHT OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET BATHE OVER YOU!
LET ALL THE HOSTS OF HOGGOTH SEND YOU BACK TO THE NETHERWORLD FROM WHENCE YOU CAME!! BEGONE--I COMMAND YOU!!

AND, AS THE MOMENTS TICK BY...
WITH ALL MY POWERS, WITH ALL MY MYSTIC CHARMS, I CANNOT TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME! PRECIOUS HOURS ARE SLIPPING BY, AND I HAVE STILL NOT FOUND MY BODY!

MORDO IS CRAFTY INDEED! HE SENDS HIS EVIL TRAPS TO BALK ME AT EVERY TURN!
ALTHOUGH I CAN ELUDE THEM ALL, EACH ENCOUNTER SLOWS ME DOWN.... COSTS ME PRECIOUS TIME!!


YET, I MUST NOT WEAKEN! I MUST CONTINUE TO FIGHT--TO FOLLOW THE PATH WHICH MY AMULET BLAZES! I DARE NOT BE DEFEATED! I DARE NOT LEAVE THE WORLD TO THE MERCY OF ONE SUCH AS MORDO!

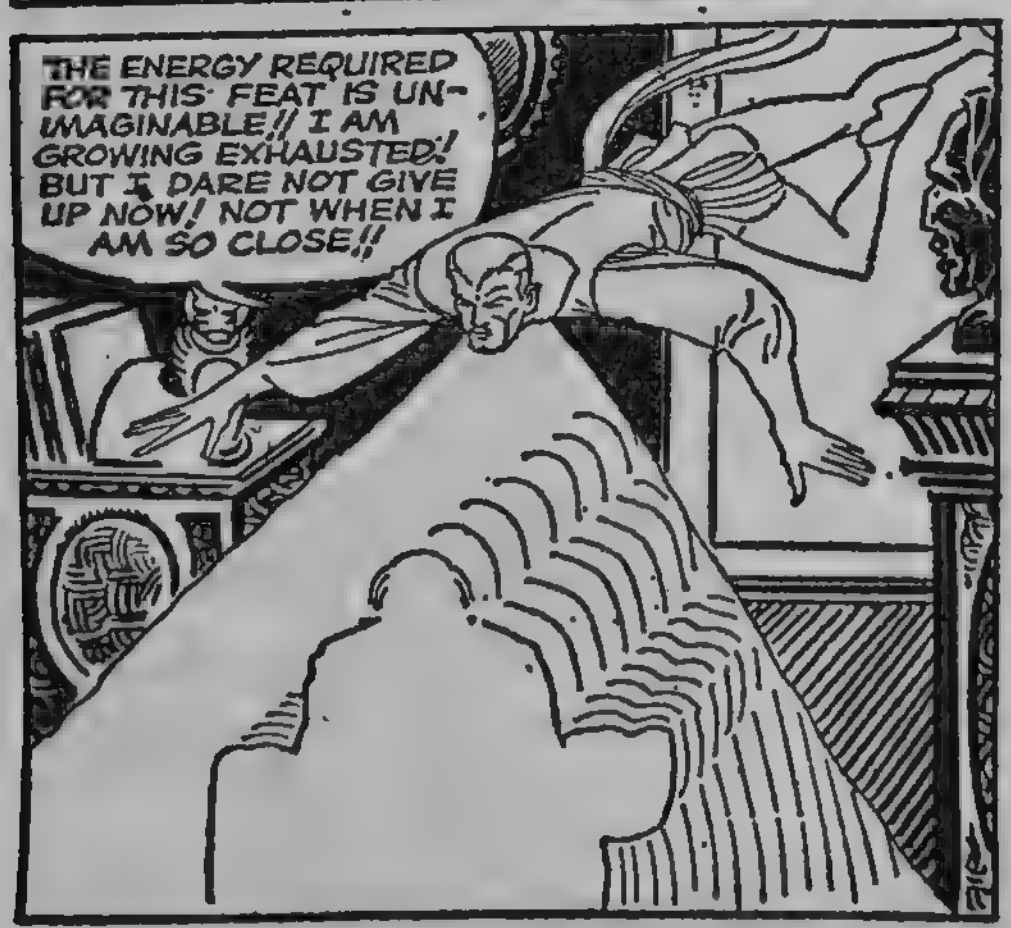
AHHH! AT LAST MY AMULET HAS LED ME TO THE PLACE WHERE I SHALL FIND WHAT I SEEK!
BUT MY TIME IS ALMOST GONE! I HAVE ONE SCANT HOUR LEFT TO ME!

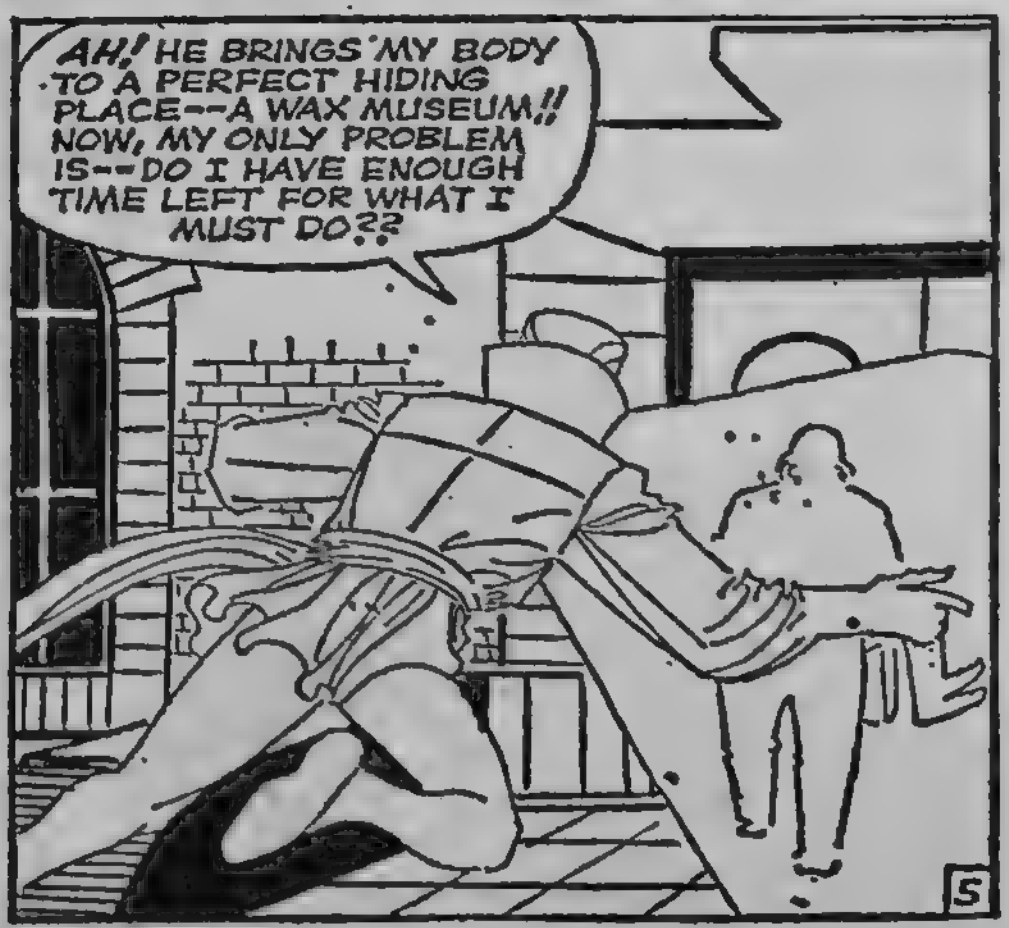
THIS IS WHERE MORDO FIRST TOOK MY BODY! BUT--IT IS DESERTED NOW! BOTH MY ARCH-FOE, AND MY PHYSICAL FORM ARE GONE!!

AM I DOOMED AT LAST?? MY AMULET CAN LEAD ME NO FURTHER! MORDO HAS COVERED HIS TRAIL WITH A SPELL WHICH I CANNOT UNDO!

BUT, MANY ARE THE WEAPONS OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! I RECALL THE ANCIENT ONE TEACHING ME HOW TO RECREATE PAST EVENTS, BY HAVING MY AMULET "PHOTOGRAPH" THE LIGHT WAVES WHICH NEVER COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR!!
AH, IT WORKS! I SEE MY FORM TAKING SHAPE EVEN NOW! NOW, IF ONLY ENOUGH TIME REMAINS...

BY OBSERVING THE LIGHT WAVES WHICH I THUS RECREATE, I CAN FOLLOW THE FAINT IMAGE OF MORDO AND LEARN WHERE HE HAS HIDDEN MY PHYSICAL FORM!!


THE ENERGY REQUIRED FOR THIS FEAT IS UN-IMAGINABLE!! I AM GROWING EXHAUSTED! BUT I DARE NOT GIVE UP NOW! NOT WHEN I AM SO CLOSE!!


AH! HE BRINGS MY BODY TO A PERFECT HIDING PLACE--A WAX MUSEUM!! NOW, MY ONLY PROBLEM IS--DO I HAVE ENOUGH TIME LEFT FOR WHAT I MUST DO??

IT IS AS I FEARED!! THE SPELL HE PLACED OVER MY BODY IS TOO STRONG! I CANNOT BREAK IT IN THE BRIEF TIME WHICH REMAINS TO ME!

EVEN MY ENCHANTED AMULET IS POWERLESS TO SHATTER THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD OF BARON MORDO! TO FIND THE PROPER CHARM TO SHATTER THE SHIELD WOULD TAKE HOURS --HOURS WHICH I DO NOT HAVE LEFT!

AH, STRANGE! HOW SWEET IS MY FINAL TRIUMPH! THOUGH YOU HAVE FOUND WHAT YOU SEEK, IT DOES YOU NO GOOD!
AND, SO LONG AS I REMAIN IN MY PHYSICAL FORM, AND YOU IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC FORM, THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN HARM ME!

ONLY TEN MINUTES REMAIN TO YOU, ACCURSED ONE! AFTER THAT, YOU PERISH! THEN, ONLY I AND THE ANCIENT ONE REMAIN AS MASTERS OF BLACK MAGIC! AND HE IS OLD--AND WEAK--AND WILL NO LONGER HAVE YOU TO PROTECT HIM!!

TEN MINUTES!! TEN MINUTES LEFT TO ME IN WHICH TO SAVE MY LIFE--DEFEAT MORDO--AND THUS SAVE EARTH FROM A MENACE WHICH IT CANNOT EVEN COMPREHEND!! I MUST NOT FAIL!!

HAH! YOU GROW WEAKER! EVEN THE MERE THOUGHT OF MY VICTORY IS ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU TREMBLE IN FEAR!
IF I MUST FAIL, I SHALL NOT GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION OF WITNESSING MY FAILURE!

GO, DR. STRANGE! FLEE TO THE REMOTEST PART OF EARTH--IT MATTERS NOT!! ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT I HAVE WON! I HAVE BEATEN YOU AT LAST! BEATEN YOU FOREVER!

AS FOR YOU-- YOU, THE PHYSICAL EMBODIMENT OF MY HATED ENEMY-- WITHIN TEN MINUTES I SHALL WATCH YOU FADE AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS!! THIS SHALL EVER BE MY SUPREME TRIUMPH!!

BUT, EVEN AS MORDO GLOATS, HE FAILS TO NOTICE AN UNCANNY THING BEHIND HIM... AS ONE OF THE WAX FIGURES SEEMS TO COME ALIVE!

SLOWLY, SILENTLY, THE STARTLING FIGURE APPROACHES MORDO, MOVING UNEASILY ON ITS WAXEN LEGS...

AND THEN...
I HAVE YOU!
WHA--? WHO--?? NO! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!! THERE CANNOT BE ANOTHER ON EARTH WHOSE MAGIC IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BRING LIFE TO A WAXEN FIGURE!!

BEFORE MORDO CAN OPEN HIS MOUTH TO UTTER A MAGIC SPELL WHICH MIGHT SAVE HIM FROM HIS ATTACKER, THE WAX FIGURE GAGS HIM SO THAT HE CANNOT MOUTH THE MYSTIC WORDS!
I AM STILL NOT BEATEN! IF I CANNOT UTTER THE WORDS TO SAVE ME IN MY PHYSICAL FORM, I CAN ALWAYS CHANGE TO MY ECTOPLASMIC SELF!!

NOW THEN, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU MAY BE-- ALL THAT YOU HOLD IS THE UNIMPORTANT BODY OF BARON MORDO! BUT I NOW REMAIN FREE TO MATCH YOUR MAGIC WITH MY OWN!

NOT SO, MORDO! YOU HAVE TRAPPED YOURSELF! NOW WE ARE BOTH IN OUR UN-PHYSICAL FORMS! NOW YOU MUST BATTLE ME!
YOU! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! THOUGH YOU COULD NOT CONTROL A NORMAL LIVING THING, YOU COULD CONTROL A WAX FIGURE!

BUT YOUR RUSE SHALL AVAIL YOU NOTHING! FOR YOUR TIME IS ALMOST UP! YOUR POWERS ARE AT THEIR WEAKEST! WHILE I--I AM AT THE PEAK OF MY POWER, AS YOU SHALL SEE!

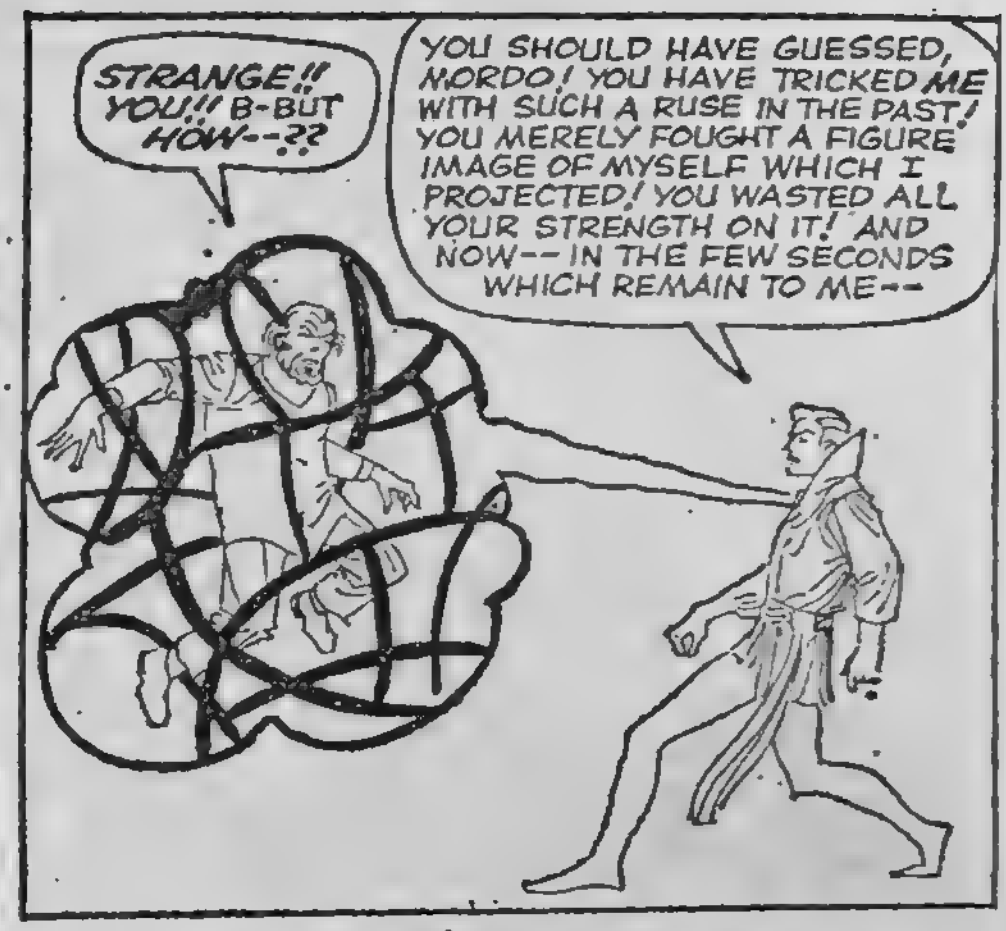
I SHALL HURL EVERY MAGIC FORCE AT MY COMMAND AT YOU! YOU CANNOT WITH-STAND SUCH AN ATTACK! THOUGH IT SAPS MY STRENGTH TO THE STRAINING POINT, IT WILL SPELL YOUR FINISH!

HAH! EVEN NOW YOU SLUMP TO THE FLOOR AS THE LIFE FORCE BEGINS TO LEAVE YOU! NOT A SINGLE DEFENSE HAVE YOU MUSTERED! NOT A SINGLE ATTACK HAVE YOU LAUNCHED!

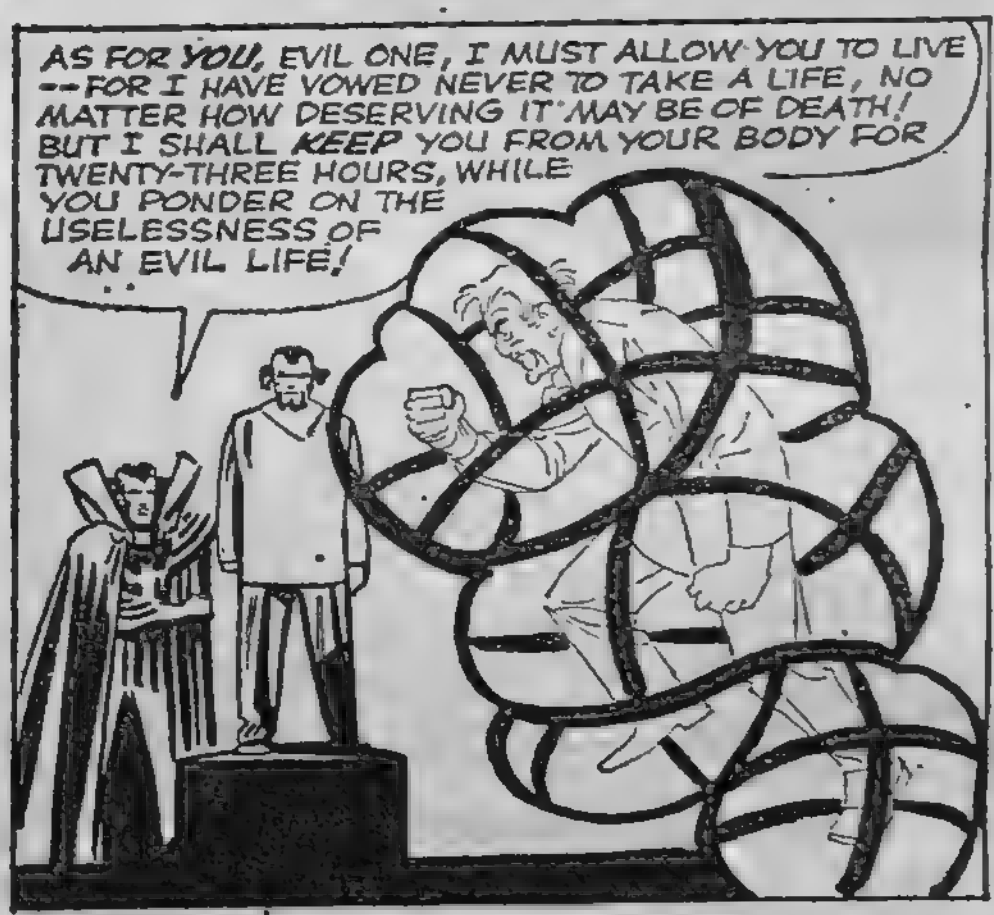
FAREWELL, DOCTOR DOOM! FAREWELL, VANQUISHED ONE! WE SHALL NEVER MEET AGAIN!!

IT IS OVER! ONLY SECONDS REMAIN TILL MIDNIGHT! I HAVE WON! MASTERY OF THE EARTH IS NOW WITHIN MY REACH!!

NOW, I MUST RETURN TO MY PHYSICAL FORM! I MUST REST--FEEL WEAK--I VENTED ALL MY POWER ON THAT FATAL ATTACK!
WHA--? SOMETHING PREVENTS ME FROM MOVING!! I CANNOT REACH MY FORM!


STRANGE!! YOU!! B-BUT HOW--??
YOU SHOULD HAVE GUESSED, MORDO! YOU HAVE TRICKED ME WITH SUCH A RUSE IN THE PAST! YOU MERELY FOUGHT A FIGURE IMAGE OF MYSELF WHICH I PROJECTED! YOU WASTED ALL YOUR STRENGTH ON IT! AND NOW--IN THE FEW SECONDS WHICH REMAIN TO ME--

--I RETURN TO MY OWN BODY! FOR, WITH YOU HELD AT BAY BY MY ENCHANTED AMULET, THE SPELL WHICH SHIELDED MY FORM IS NOW VANISHED!


AS FOR YOU, EVIL ONE, I MUST ALLOW YOU TO LIVE --FOR I HAVE VOWED NEVER TO TAKE A LIFE, NO MATTER HOW DESERVING IT MAY BE OF DEATH! BUT I SHALL KEEP YOU FROM YOUR BODY FOR TWENTY-THREE HOURS, WHILE YOU PONDER ON THE USELESSNESS OF AN EVIL LIFE!

YOU ARE A FOOL, STRANGE! YOUR REFUSAL TO FINISH ME WILL PROVE TO BE YOUR UNDOING! FOR I SHALL NEVER STOP ATTACKING YOU! I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL I HAVE RID THE EARTH OF YOU--UNTIL I AM SUPREME!

AND, AS THE MOON BATHES THE CITY IN A SILENT GLOW, A TALL, DRAMATIC FIGURE SLOWLY WALKS FROM THE WAX MUSEUM, WRAPPED IN HIS OWN SOBER THOUGHTS...
SO LONG AS LIFE EXISTS, THE RIGHTEOUS MUST ALWAYS GUARD AGAINST THE WICKED!! I SHALL BE VIGILANT! NO MATTER WHERE, OR HOW MORDO MAY STRIKE--I SHALL BE READY FOR HIM!
AND ALWAYS SHALL I BE ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EVIL CAN NEVER TRIUMPH OVER THE FORCE OF GOOD!

THE END

IT HAPPENED ON HIS WAY DOWN! IN THAT WILD PLUNGE, HE FOUND THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MONEY! BUT THE STREET, THE FRIGHTENED THRONG, ALL WHIRLED UP AT HIM! AND EVERYONE WAS SURE THAT THESE WERE...

the Last Seconds OF KEN STEWART

OLIVER CRANE PHONED THE POLICE! KEN STEWART HIS ONCE-TRUSTED AUDITOR RAN FRANTICALLY FROM THE OFFICE! NOW CRANE WAS SURE OF HIS GUILT...

HE DIDN'T RISK WAITING FOR THE ELEVATOR... THEY'D HAVE GRABBED HIM.

TO FRANTIC KEN STEWART, THE WORLD SUDDENLY SEEMED POPULATED ONLY BY POLICE OFFICERS! HE DODGED WILDLY INTO AN OFFICE BUILDING, ONE OF THE TALLEST IN THE WORLD

THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR REMEMBERED LETTING KEN OFF AT THE 18TH FLOOR

LISTEN TO REASON STEWART! YOU CAN'T STAY OUT THERE FOREVER! IF YOU MAKE RESTITUTION THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILL TAKE THAT INTO CONSIDERATION!
NO! I'M NOT GOING TO PRISON FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T.

HE MISSED HIS FOOTING! THE DOWNWARD PLUNGE BEGAN...

THE STRANGE THING HAPPENED TO KEN WHEN HE HAD FALLEN ONLY ABOUT SIX STORIES
LOOK AT STEWART! HE SEEMS TO BE FADING AWAY!

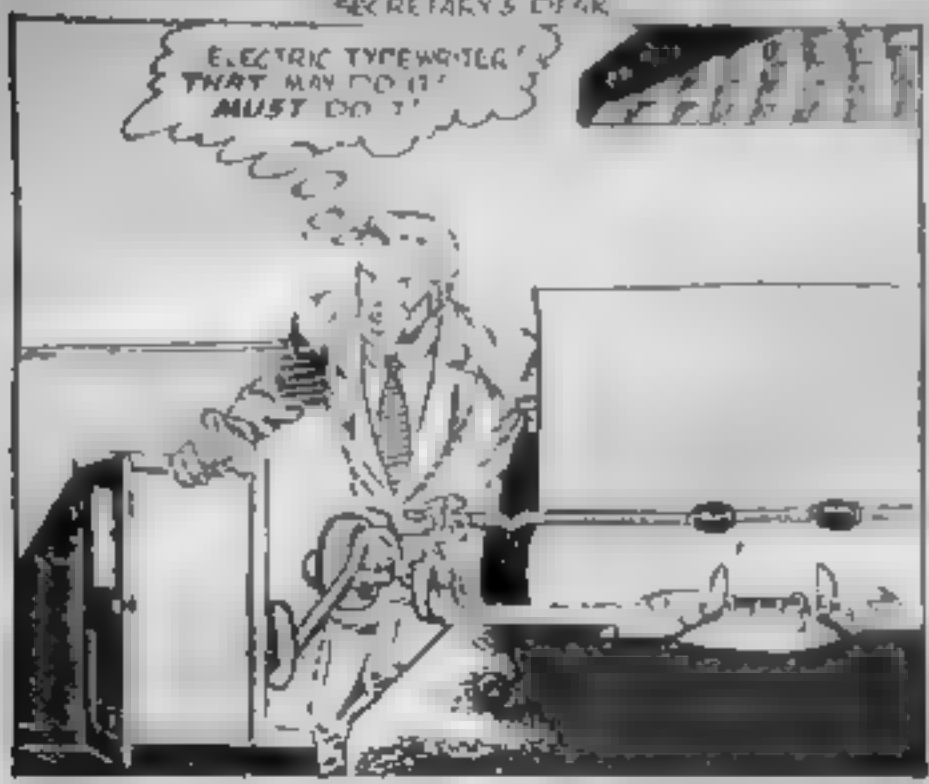
THOUSANDS OF BEWILDERED PEOPLE WITNESSED THE ASTONISHING DISAPPEARANCE OF KEN STEWART! EVEN MORE AMAZING WAS WHERE HE'D VANISHED TO! HE FELL INTO... YESTERDAY!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! A MIRACLE! A CHANCE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE! NOW I'LL LEARN WHAT MR CRANE DID WITH THAT MONEY!

MR. CRANE! YOU DIDN'T PUT THE MONEY IN THE STRONGBOX! IT'S IN THE FILING CABINET! YOU'RE PUTTING THE STRONGBOX IN THE SAFE EMPTY!

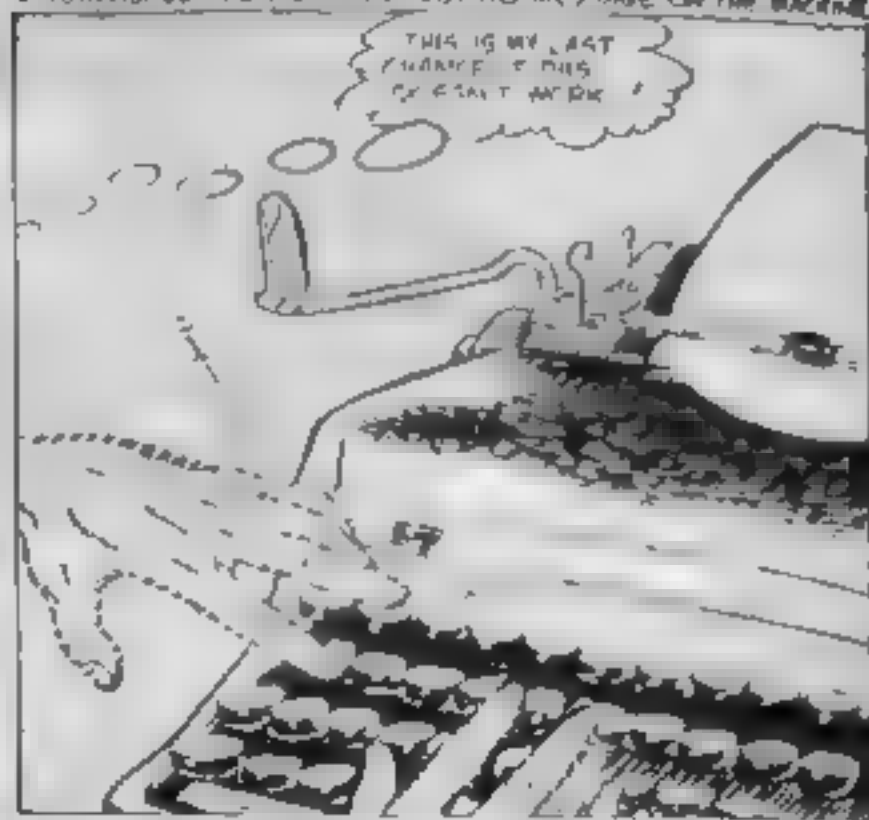
HE CAN'T HEAR ME! HE DOESN'T EVEN SEE ME!

HE TRIED TO THINK OF SOME WAY, IN THOSE FRENZIED SECONDS OF HIS MIRACULOUS ESCAPE TO YESTERDAY, OF GIVING HIS MESSAGE TO OLIVER CRANE
I WRITE BUT NOTHING APPEARS ON THE PAPER! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO MAKE HIM KNOW... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

FEARFUL THAT HIS STAY IN "YESTERDAY" MIGHT END ABRUPTLY, KEN'S FRENZIED SEARCH BROUGHT HIM TO MR. CRANE'S SECRETARY'S DESK.



FRANTICALLY HE PUNCHED OUT HIS MESSAGE ON THE MACHINE.



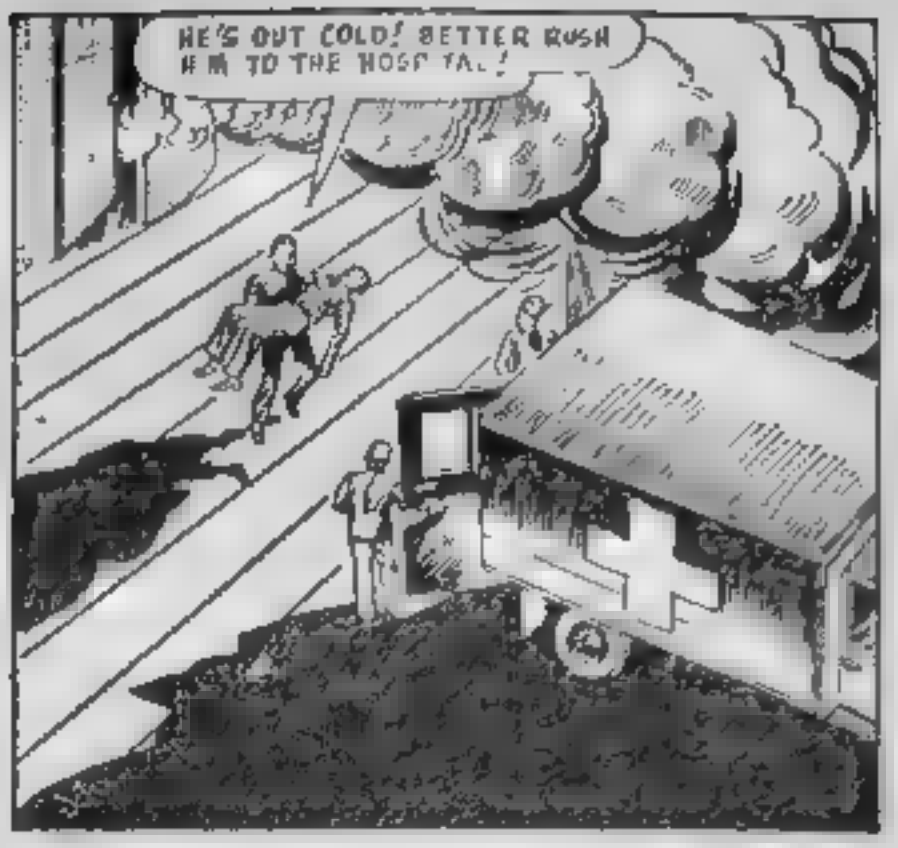
THEN SUDDENLY "YESTERDAY" WAS GONE AND IT WAS THE PRESENT MOMENT AGAIN! AND KEN STEWART WAS FALLING...

IN THOSE LAST SECONDS, KEN STEWART COULD HEAR THE BABBLE OF A THOUSAND VOICES. HIS EYES WERE CLOSED WHEN HE HIT THE LIFE NET.

THERE CAME A MIGHTY NUCLEAR BLAST! THEN, RISKING HIS LIFE, STEVE DONNER BRAVED THE DANGERS OF THE CYCLOTRON TO BRING OUT A MAN NOBODY KNEW. A STRANGER, STEVE WOULD ONE DAY LEARN, I HATE

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELONG!

WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE A THING THRU THIS SMOKE!
OVER THIS WAY...


HE'S OUT COLD! BETTER RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!

STEVE DONNER WAS TREATED AT THE SCENE FOR MINOR BURNS! THAT NIGHT, HE VISITED THE HOSPITAL...
I KNOW ALL THE MEN WORKING AT THE ATOM PLANT, DOCTOR! THE FELLOW IN THIS ROOM ISN'T ONE OF THEM! I'M CURIOUS ABOUT HOW HE GOT INTO THE CYCLOTRON!
HE'S SUFFERING FROM A PARTIAL AMNESIA, IT APPEARS! ALL HE SEEMS TO REMEMBER IS HIS FIRST NAME... REX! GO IN AND TALK TO HIM!
QUIET
41

...I CAN REMEMBER SOME THINGS VAGUELY, MY MOTHER'S NAME... DENISE! IT MAY SOUND CRAZY TO YOU, BUT I JUST HAVE... A FEELING I DON'T BELONG HERE!
WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. YOU'RE HERE, THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!

THE DOCTOR SAYS I'LL BE WELL ENOUGH TO LEAVE HERE TOMORROW! BUT THEN WHAT? I'VE GOT TO EARN A LIVING SOMEHOW...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! THE FOREMAN AT THE PLANT IS A PAL OF MINE, REX. I'LL ASK HIM TO FIND A SPOT FOR YOU...

STEVE AND REX WERE GOOD FRIENDS AT FIRST! BUT WITHIN TWO MONTHS, THERE AROSE SOME CAUSE FOR HARD FEELINGS ON STEVE'S PART...
HE'S HAD ENGINEERING TRAINING SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE! MR. CAMERON MADE REX DEPARTMENT SUPERVISOR THIS MORNING!

REX AND STEVE WERE SHARING AN APARTMENT! IT WAS NO EASY MATTER STEVE TO HIDE THE BITTERNESS HE FELT THAT NIGHT...
GOOD LUCK IN YOUR NEW JOB, BOSS
LAY OFF THAT "BOSS" BUSINESS, STEVE! YOU'RE THE BEST FRIEND I'VE GOT!

BUT MAYBE YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF FRIENDS ELSEWHERE ... A WIFE, MAYBE, AND KIDS!
I KEEP TRYING TO REMEMBER, STEVE! BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO REMEMBER ANYTHING BUT MY NAME ... AND MY MOTHER'S NAME! DENISE!

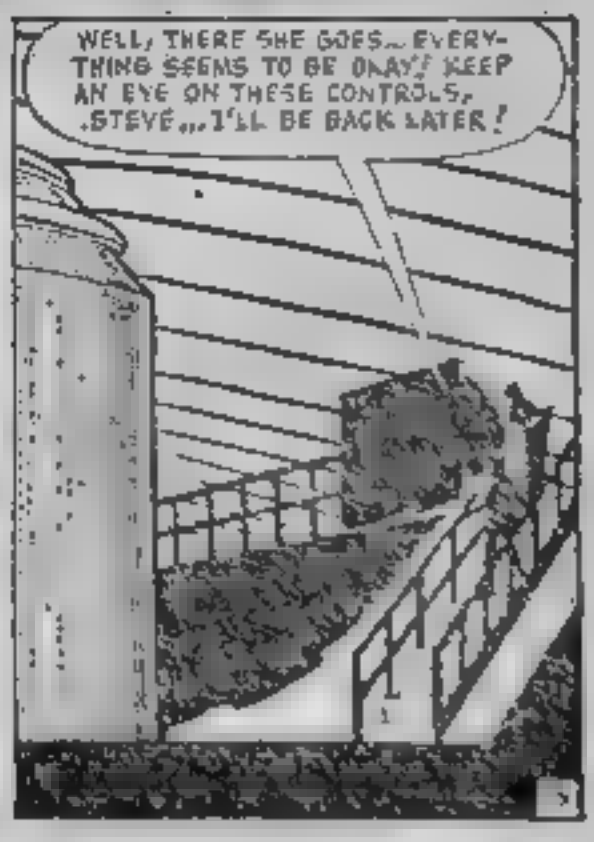
THAT NIGHT, STEVE AND REX DOUBLE DATED! HERE, TOO, WAS MORE FUEL FOR THE FIRE OF STEVE'S GROWING RESENTMENT.
I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING QUITE SO LOVELY BEFORE, REX! WHAT WAS IT YOU PLAYED IN THAT CYCLOTRON?
I DON'T KNOW ... I WAS UNCONSCIOUS MOST OF THE TIME! ANYWAY, I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT! THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND I FEEL LIKE DANCING.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ASKED ME TO DANCE! COME ON!
I DIDN'T MEAN ... WELL, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH STEVE!

STEVE DID MIND, AND LATER, AFTER THEY'D RETURNED TO THE R APARTMENT...
SURE I MADE A DATE WITH EVELYN. SHE ASKED ME TO TAKE HER OUT. I DON'T THINK SHE MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU, STEVE!
EVELYN MEANS A LOT TO ME! YOU'VE BEEN CROWDING ME EVER SINCE ... ARTED AT THE PLAN ... TODAY TO CRUBBER OFF A ... THAT WAS COMING TO ME, NOW EVELYN!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU FELT THAT WAY ABOUT THINGS, STEVE! I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME! BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I GUESS I'D BETTER MOVE OUT OF THE APARTMENT!
YEAH ... THAT'D BE A GOOD IDEA!

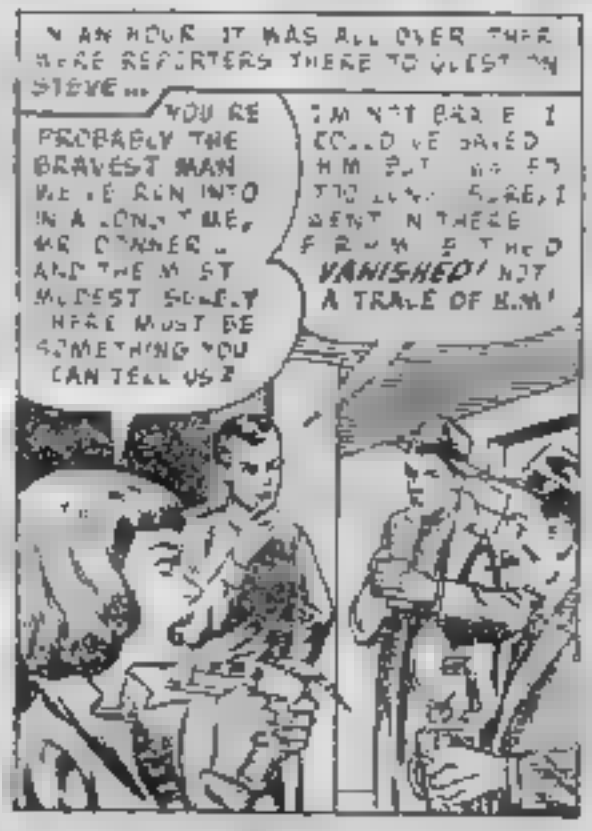
AS THE WEEKS WENT BY, STEVE DONNER'S BITTERNESS TURNED TO HATE...
I GET NERVOUS EVERY TIME SOMEBODY GOES INTO THE CYCLOTRON! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORRY THE BOSS, THOUGH! HE INSISTS ON DOING THE INSPECTING HIMSELF!
YEAH, THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH REX. ANYTHING TO MAKE HIMSELF IMPORTANT, INDISPENSABLE ALWAYS ANGLING FOR ANOTHER PROMOTION!


WELL, THERE SHE GOES ... EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE OKAY! KEEP AN EYE ON THESE CONTROLS, STEVE ... I'LL BE BACK LATER!

BELOW NOBODY COULD SEE THE WARNING WHISPS OF SMOKE, THE SPARKS THAT WERE IDENTICAL WITH THOSE THAT PRECEDED THE BLAST IN THE CYCLOTRON LAST TIME! BUT STEVE SAW THEM...
HE MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY THIS TIME! WELL, LET HIM STAY IN THERE! HE'LL BE OUT OF MY HAIR FOR GOOD THIS TIME!

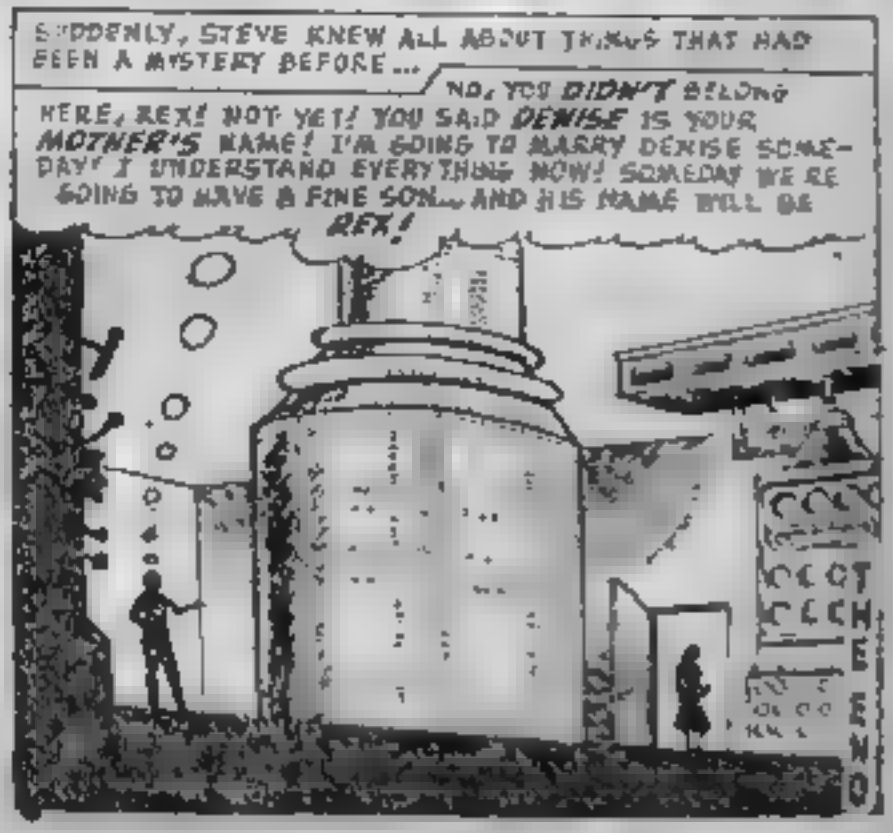
I CAN'T DO IT! I JUST CAN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ANOTHER MAN!

STEVE PULLED THE SWITCH... DOWN!
FIVE SECONDS SOONER, AND HE'D HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT! WHY DID I DO IT? HE'S A FINE GUY... A LOT FINER THAN I'VE EVER BEEN!


IN AN HOUR IT WAS ALL OVER THE WORLD. REPORTERS THERE TO QUESTION STEVE...
YOU'RE PROBABLY THE BRAVEST MAN WE'VE RUN INTO IN A LONG TIME, MR. DONNER... AND THE MOST MODEST. SURELY THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN TELL US?
I'M NOT BRAVE. I COULDN'T HAVE SAVED HIM BUT WE'D TOO LONG. SURE, I WENT IN THERE FROM BEHIND VANISHED! NOT A TRACE OF HIM!

THE REPORTERS WENT OFF TO PHONE IN THEIR STORIES. ONLY ONE REMAINED BEHIND
I'M SORRY YOU STAYED. I'M NO HERO. I WOULD'VE FAINTED. BUT I'LL ASK YOU FOR A DATE!
I'LL ANSWER AND STEVE THAT'S WHY I DON'T BELIEVE WITH THE OTHERS. I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME. HERE'S MY PHONE NUMBER!

WAIT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME!
IT'S DENISE... DENISE WALLACE!


SUDDENLY, STEVE KNEW ALL ABOUT THINGS THAT HAD BEEN A MYSTERY BEFORE...
NO, YOU DIDN'T BELONG HERE, REX! NOT YET! YOU SAID DENISE IS YOUR MOTHER'S NAME! I'M GOING TO MARRY DENISE SOMEDAY! I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING NOW! SOMEDAY WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A FINE SON... AND HIS NAME WILL BE REX!
THE END

A STRANGE JOURNEY INTO A PARALLEL WORLD TURNED THE TABLES ON MORGAN ARMSTRONG AND TAUGHT HIM A BADLY NEEDED LESSON!

INSIDE THE WHIRLPOOL

SO, HE DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME CALLING YOU ABOUT IT! YOU'RE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE IN THIS TOWN JUST 'CAUSE I'VE MADE A FEW MISTAKES THE LEAST THING GOES WRONG I'M BLAMED FOR IT
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU TOOK THE MONEY! YOU COULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!

MORGAN ARMSTRONG HAD NO BUSINESS DEAL!

HE ROWED TO THE WHIRLPOOL IN THE CENTER OF THE LAKE DROPPED ANCHOR, AND CLIMBED INTO THE BOILER! THE LAST TIME HE HAD DONE THIS, IT WAS PURELY AN ADVENTURE...
HERE GOES!

THE BOILER DRIFTED INTO THE CENTER OF THE SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL AND WAS SUCKED DOWN INTO ITS VORTEX...

...AND LANDED IN THE AIR-FILLED WATER FREE BASE OF THE VORTEX AT THE BOTTOM OF ARROWPOINT LAKE
JUST LET 'EM TRY TO FIND THE MONEY DOWN HERE!

THAT'S FUNNY... I NEVER NOTICED DAYLIGHT AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL!

MY GOSH! IT LEADS OUT INTO MY OWN TOWN! BUT HOW'D IT GET TO BE MORNING SO FAST?

THE ONE THING BETH HAD *NOT* LIED ABOUT WAS EZRA'S COMPLICITY IN THE FRAUD...

IT WAS JUST TOO MUCH FOR MORGAN... HIS HEAD SPINNING, HE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME...

Y-YOU LOOK LIKE ME! NO WONDER PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SAYING I'M HONEST! THEY THOUGHT I WAS YOU!

YOU'RE JUST ONE MORE EVIL THING IN THIS EVIL TOWN! I CAN SEE THE WICKEDNESS IN YOUR EYES!

NOW I KNOW! THIS ISN'T REALLY MY TOWN! THAT WASN'T MY WIFE... I'M IN THE WRONG WORLD, A PARALLEL WORLD TO THE ONE I LIVE IN!

MORGAN ARMSTRONG RAN BACK TO THE TUNNEL, BACK TO THE WHIRLPOOL VORTEX UNDER ARROWHEAD LAKE

I'VE GOT TO GET THE EZRA'S MONEY

HE RETURNED TO HIS OWN WORLD! RAN ALL THE WAY TO HIS PARTNER'S HOME! LEFT THE VALISE FILLED WITH MONEY...RANG THE DOOR BELL...

I MUST TELL BETH THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF BEFORE EZRA HAS ME ARRESTED!

BETH ARMSTRONG DIDN'T APPEAR TO BE SHOCKED AT WHAT HER HUSBAND HAD TO SAY

IT WAS A BAD EXPERIENCE, BETH! IN THAT OTHER WORLD, I SAW PEOPLE DECEITFUL, DISHONEST! JUST AS EVERYONE HERE MUST SEE ME! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I DESPISE MYSELF!

YOU RETURNED THE MONEY YOU STOLE DEAR BUT YOU DID COMMIT A CRIME!

YES! AND I'M READY TO TAKE MY MEDICINE... TO GO TO PRISON!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY, MORGAN! EZRA WORTH CALLED HERE JUST BEFORE YOU CAME! HE SAW YOU AND HE SAYS HE'S NOT GOING TO PRESS THE CHARGES! HE'S WILLING TO FORGIVE AND FORGET!

I'VE GOT A LOT TO LIVE DOWN, BETH DARLING, BUT I'M A CHANGED MAN! YOU'LL SEE.

I'M SO HAPPY, MORGAN!

THE RUMORS CAME FIRST...AND PEOPLE LAUGHED! THEN CAME AN AUTHENTIC REPORT FROM THE CAPTAIN OF A GIANT LUXURY LINER AND THE PEOPLE LAUGHED NO MORE! FOR THE CAPTAIN WAS THE FIRST MAN TO ACTUALLY SEE...

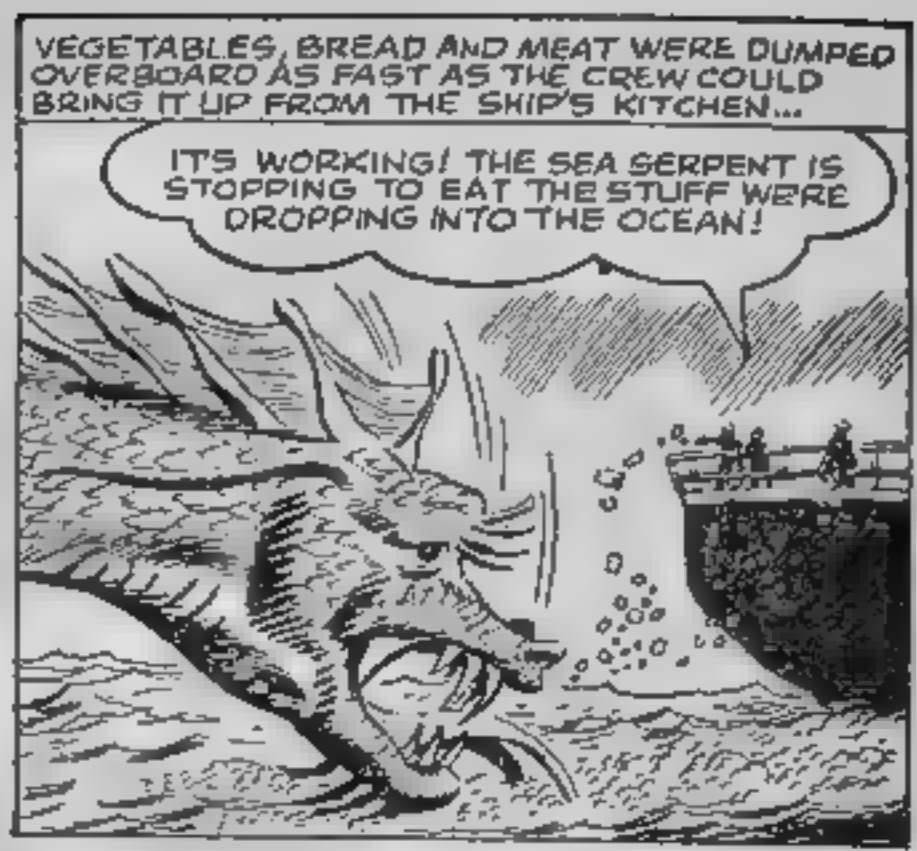
THE SEA SERPENT!

TOO LATE, CAPTAIN! IT'S COMING AFTER US!

A STRANGE JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY!

K53

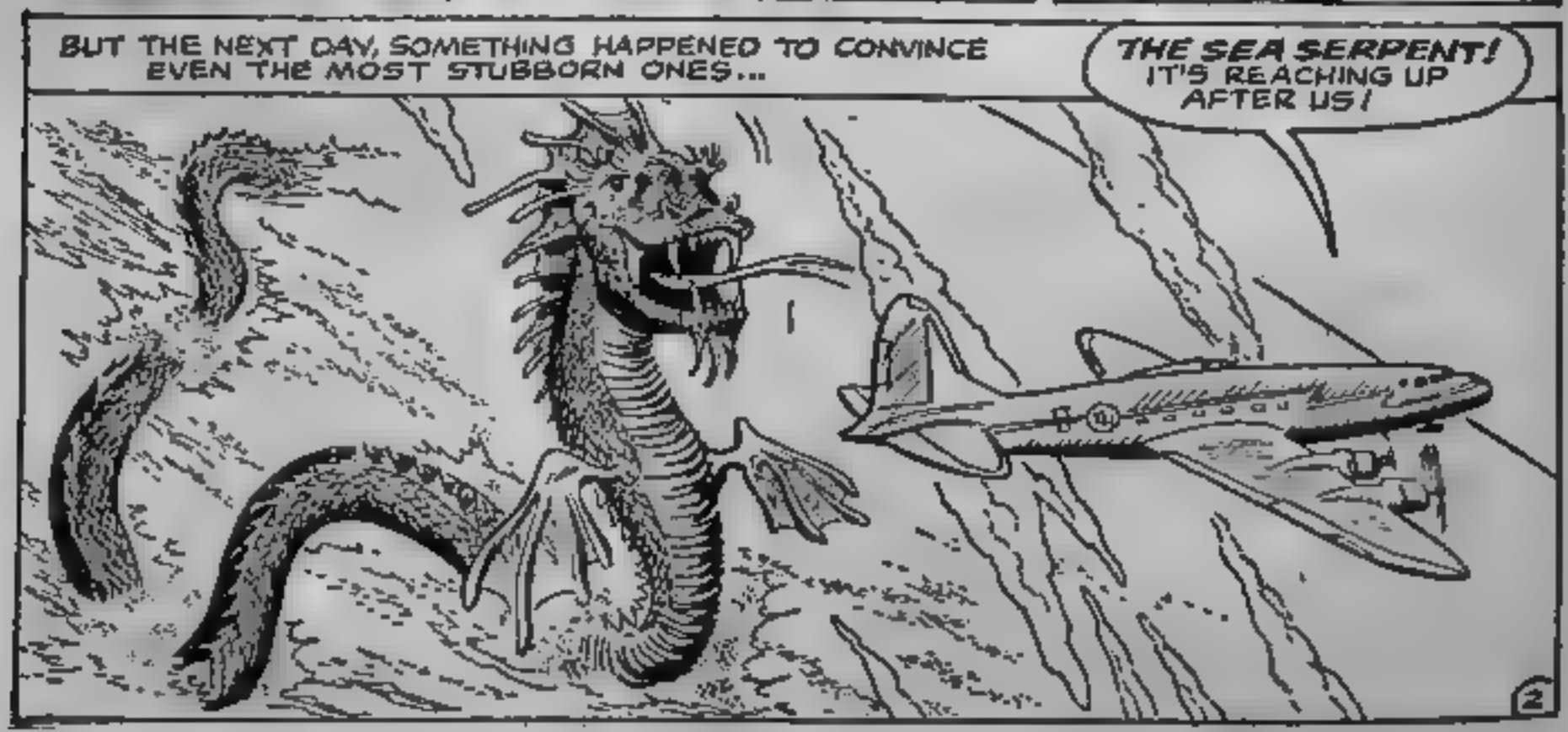
QUICK! GET FOOD FROM THE GALLEY AND THROW IT INTO THE WATER! THAT MAY SATISFY THE SEA SERPENT'S HUNGER AND SAVE US!
AYE AYE, SIR!


VEGETABLES, BREAD AND MEAT WERE DUMPED OVERBOARD AS FAST AS THE CREW COULD BRING IT UP FROM THE SHIP'S KITCHEN...
IT'S WORKING! THE SEA SERPENT IS STOPPING TO EAT THE STUFF WE'RE DROPPING INTO THE OCEAN!

AND WHILE THE SEA SERPENT ATE, THE OCEAN LINER STEAMED AWAY, BREAKING ALL RECORDS ON ITS VOYAGE TO AMERICA!
THE LUXURY LINER 'S DOCKING!
IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S NOT DUE IN UNTIL LATE TONIGHT!

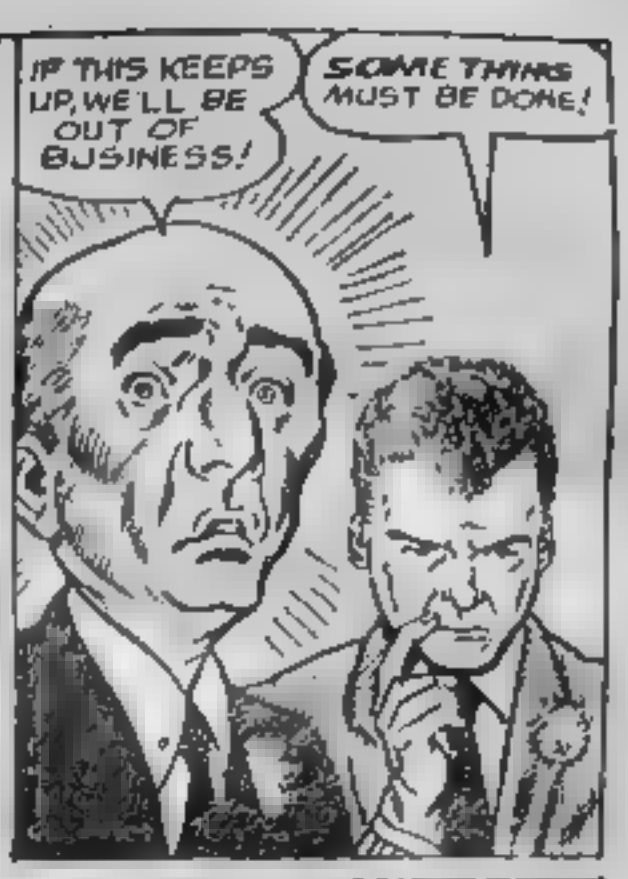
NEWSPAPERS, RADIOS AND TV FLASHED THE CAPTAIN'S STORY AROUND THE GLOBE...
MONSTER CITED!
RGB R

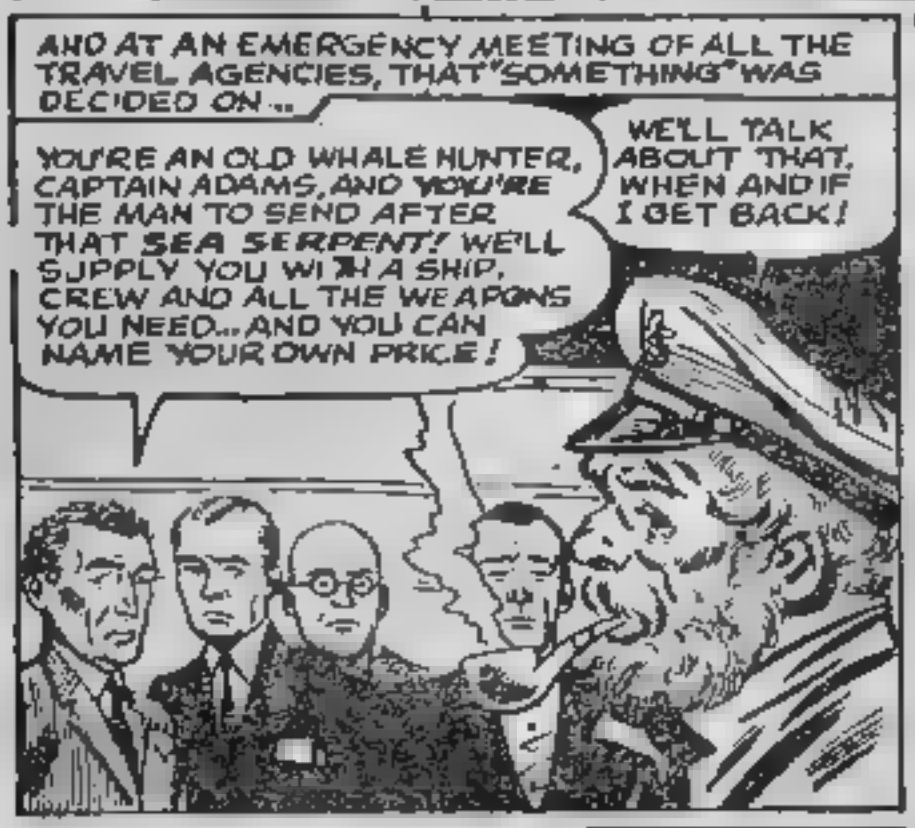
THERE WERE THOSE WHO BELIEVED THE CAPTAIN, AND THOSE WHO THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A TELLER OF TALL SEA TALES..
BUT THEY SAW IT!
I STILL SAY, IMPOSSIBLE! THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!
SEA SERPENT


BUT THE NEXT DAY, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO CONVINCE EVEN THE MOST STUBBORN ONES...
THE SEA SERPENT! IT'S REACHING UP AFTER US!

THE PILOT GAVE THE AIR LINER FULL THROTTLE AND CLIMBED!
THAT WAS SURE CLOSE!
YEAH... TOO CLOSE!

WHEN THE PLANE LANDED AND THE NEWS SPREAD ACROSS THE WORLD AGAIN, THE TRAVEL AGENCIES WERE DELUGED WITH CANCELLATIONS...
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE BY PLANE OR BOAT, WITH THAT SEA SERPENT OUT THERE!
I WANT MY MONEY BACK FOR THESE TICKETS TO EUROPE!


IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL BE OUT OF BUSINESS!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!


AND AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF ALL THE TRAVEL AGENCIES, THAT "SOMETHING" WAS DECIDED ON...
YOU'RE AN OLD WHALE HUNTER, CAPTAIN ADAMS, AND YOU'RE THE MAN TO SEND AFTER THAT SEA SERPENT! WE'LL SUPPLY YOU WITH A SHIP, CREW AND ALL THE WEAPONS YOU NEED... AND YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE!
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT, WHEN AND IF I GET BACK!

THREE DAYS LATER, CAPTAIN ADAMS WAS ALL RIGGED UP FOR THE HUNT, AND HIS CREW SAILED AWAY IN A WHALING SHIP AS A CROWD WATCHED SILENTLY AND HOPEFULLY.

OUT ON THE OPEN SEAS, THE CAPTAIN'S SHIP GOT TANGLED IN THE LASHING WIND AND RAIN OF A VIOLENT STORM...
WE'RE GETTING AN S.O.S. FROM A PASSENGER OCEAN LINER, CAPTAIN, THAT'S STALLED IN THE STORM WITH ALL ENGINES DEAD!
WE'LL GO HELP HER!

THERE GOES OUR MAIN MAST, CAP'N!
AYE MATE! AND WE NEED HELP OURSELVES!

AND UP ABOVE, A TRANSOCEANIC PLANE WAS CAUGHT IN THE BOILING MASS OF CLOUDS. .

KEEP YOUR SEAT BELTS FASTENED! WE'RE GOING TO DITCH THE PLANE!

THE DITCHED PLANE, THE WHALING SHIP AND THE OCEAN LINER WERE AT THE MERCY OF THE ANGRY SEA! THEIR PLIGHT WAS HOPELESS AND COULD BE NO WORSE THEY THOUGHT... UNTIL THEY SAW A GIANT HEAD POKE OUT OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS...

IT'S THE *SEA SERPENT!*

THE *SEA SERPENT* MOVED TOWARD THE FAST-SINKING AIRCRAFT AND SWOOPED UP ALL THE PASSENGERS IN ITS HAND-LIKE FINS ..

SHALL I FIRE A TORPEDO HARPOON AT IT, SIR?

NO! IT'S NOT HARMING THEM... IT'S *HELPING THEM!*

AND NOW IT'S PUSHING OUR SHIP OUT OF THE STORM TO SAFETY!

CAPTAIN ADAMS PULLED INTO PORT AND TOLD HIS AMAZING STORY TO THE WORLD. .

... AND THEN THE SEA SERPENT PUSHED THE OCEAN LINER OUT OF THE GALE! WE ALL MADE THE MISTAKE THAT IT WAS A MONSTER! BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A *LIFE-SAVING FRIEND!*

"PASSENGERS ON PLANES AND SHIPS NEED NOT FEAR THE *SEA SERPENT* ANY LONGER! WAVE TO IT, FEED IT AND COUNT ON IT FOR HELP WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE OUT ON THE SEA!"

BUT I THOUGHT ALL SEA SERPENTS WERE BAD, GRANDDAD!

NO MORE THAN ALL PEOPLE OR ANIMALS ARE BAD! THERE'S *GOOD AND BAD IN ALL!*

THE END

ODD SKILLS

WHEN a man who has been very competent suddenly becomes slipshod, there's usually a reason. That happened with Bill Toney.

"Not like Bill," Jim Branner, design head of the Shastor Shop said, as he looked at some bushings and turnings that rested on the desk. They had been left there by Inspection.

Bill came in. He went to the desk, and grinning oddly checked dimensions with his micrometer against the blueprint.

"What excuse, Bill?" Jim asked. "Inspection wanted to stop it. You said, 'Go ahead'. You did, didn't you?"

"Sure," Bill said easily.

"Are you all right?" Jim asked.

"Guess so," Bill said. "Why?"

"Just asked," Jim said and shrugged. This was like nothing in his experience in the Shastor shop, where work was always done to rigid, tight specifications. Parts turned out in their shop were right. Shastor had an enviable reputation in the industry.

"The part isn't critical," Bill said casually.

"But that isn't the way. It could have been . . ."

"Oh," Bill grinned, "make a new set of drawings. Change the dimensions."

"But you *can't* It'll throw everything *else* out of whack."

"No it won't! Here, I'll show you." He sat down at Jim's drawing board and quickly drew up a few new drawings. He tossed these to one of Jim's draftsmen and said, "Finish these, Tom."

"Not critical," he stood up. "Meaning that there's room for Human Variations . . ." And when Bill said "Human Variations," he stopped, as though listening to a voice off somewhere inside the shop. His head remained cocked in that direction and Jim and his three draftsmen looked out there. All they could hear was the hum of the lathes, milling machines, and drill presses performing production operations.

"It's a good shop," Bill said, and walked out.

Jim's assistants saw him sit down at his table, put his feet up on the drawing board, and while chewing his pencil study a ray of light.

"Hey, Frank," one draftsman asked the other, "you know where I left the want ads? I got a feeling I'll be needing a job soon."

"Sorry, Harvey," Frank said. "I'm saving mine."

Jim looked at them, saw that there was more seriousness than fun in their manner, and just shook his head as though agreeing with them. The shop certainly looked as though it was heading for a greased ride down a chute to nowhere.

After all had left that evening, Jim sat long at his board. There was no overtime this week, and for once he was glad that things were slow. There was less chance for disaster to strike and overwhelm them. He couldn't understand Bill Toney's strange behavior.

And as he sat, weary, he heard a noise out in the shop. He got up to look. He saw a strange glow out there.

"I need sleep and glasses," he told himself. Then he saw the gowned men at each of several machines. They were tall and thin and glowed with a strange luminosity. "Guess I've just been working too hard," he thought.

He took his hat and coat, put out the light and started for home. He was just going out the door when he glanced back at his office and saw Bill Toney in there. Bill was wearing a luminous costume like what he thought he had imagined out in the shop.

Jim walked back and stood looking through the glass partition at the oddest sight he ever hoped to see. Bill aglow, and getting sufficient illumination for whatever he wanted, stood looking at Jim's drawing board. Then Bill looked up, grinned and called out, "Jim . . . glad you're still here."

Jim tried to run now. But he couldn't. Then he felt himself being pulled as though by a powerful magnet. He moved

through the partition like going through air.

As he stood beside his drawing table, Jim told himself, "This is about the craziest dream I ever had. I hope I remember it when I wake up. But I probably won't."

"You're not dreaming," Bill said. He took Jim's arm and sat him down. Seated, Jim saw drawings he had never set eyes on before. And looking carefully, he noted that they were for extremely close tolerances . . . no allowances for *any* variations.

"What are these?" he asked.

"Need one more drawing to make it work," Bill said, indicating. "This part fits in here." Jim started to protest, but found himself working with amazing speed, and thinking more clearly than he had ever thought possible.

"Good," Bill said, and whipped the drawing off the board.

"Wait," Jim said, "Explain this . . ."

But he stopped his words as one of the formless figures he had only thought he saw in the shop, stood there. The figure took the drawing, and with Bill following, sort of flowed back to the shop.

Jim tried to leave, but though he struggled, he couldn't budge from his stool.

While he sat there, Bill came back twice for further drawings. Then Bill said, "Come on." He took Jim's arm and led him out to the shop.

There Jim stood staring, as he saw a crew of five of these figures assembling interlocking parts to something that looked like a flat raindrop with seats inside and jet exhausts arranged so that they could be seen from where he stood.

Jim walked up to it and tried to touch it, to guess at its material, but his hand only touched cold air. "This," he thought, "is getting more impossible all the time."

Then he saw these creatures, with Bill's help, pushing their fantastic craft; he saw them go right through the brick wall as though it didn't exist. He tried to follow, but at the wall he stopped. This time he couldn't go through. He hurried back

and out through the door on the side, and there, near the loading platform he saw this green light, a light like nothing he had ever seen before. He saw these creatures get inside their craft, and as he stood transfixed, he heard a faint purring noise. Then a sudden blast flung him against the building, deadening all his senses.

When Jim came to, he found himself sitting at his drawing board. He heard a click of the light switch, and looking, saw Bill Toney.

"Are you all right?" Bill asked.

Jim looked at the shop superintendent. "I don't know," he said slowly.

Bill said, "I came back for something I forgot here, and then I forgot what I came to find. Surprised to find *you* here."

"Surprised to find *you* here too," Jim said. He got up and walked out into the shop. The machines looked as they always did after the men went home, neat and cleaned. Jim went to the wall through which the strange visitors had gone with their equally odd contraption. He looked at the black area outside.

He turned, and in the moonlight saw Bill looking at him. "Are you all right?" Bill asked.

"How about *you*? Are *you* all right?" Jim asked in return.

"Yeh, I'm pretty good," Bill replied. "Why?"

"Nothing. After this, I hope things will be the way they were before."

"No reason why they shouldn't," Bill replied. "We still have time to bowl a few games. Care to?"

"Not tonight," Jim said. "Tonight I'm going home and to sleep. But not to dream. I am tired."

"Me too," Bill said. "I can't think what it was that brought me back to the shop tonight."

The two men left and didn't tell each other what they were thinking, for they knew for certain the other would think he had lost his senses.

THE END

EYE OVER THE CITY

MONITORING HEADQUARTERS TO CAR THIRTY-TWO! ROBBERY AT 2 FERN DRIVE! ROBBERY!

ALL OVER THE CITY, TINY-LENSED TELEVISION CAMERAS AND ULTRA-SENSITIVE MICROPHONES HAVE BEEN PLANTED TO HELP SPOT AND STOP CRIME ..

REACH!

THE POLICE! I TOLD YOU THIS STREET WAS TAGGED!

NICE WORK, ROGERS! YOU MONITORED THAT SHREEK IN TIME! WE NABBED THE HOLDUP MEN! YOU REALLY HAVE AN INSTINCT WHEN TO TURN ON THE RIGHT STREET!

MAYBE CHIEF, BUT FIND SOMEONE ELSE WITH THAT INSTINCT! I'M RESIGNING

YOU CAN'T RESIGN! YOU'RE OUR BEST MONITOR!

THAT'S WHY I AM QUITTING THE FORCE! I KNOW I'LL ALWAYS BE ASSIGNED TO SCAN THESE SCREENS AND I'M TIRED OF FEELING LIKE A PEEPING TOM! LOOK!

SOMETIMES I SPOT A CRIME GOING ON! BUT USUALLY, IT'S A GUY AND HIS GIRL FRIEND

OR I EAVES-DROP ON SOME PERSONAL QUARREL!

YOU BLAME ME FOR THOSE BAD PARTS AT THE SHOP TOMORROW AND I'LL TELL THE FOREMAN ABOUT YOUR PHONY SICKNESS LAST MONTH!

THEN, CHIEF, THERE ARE SCENES THAT HURT, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HELP!

NO RENT, NO ROOM! THERE'S YOUR STUFF!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF PEEKING INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES!

OKAY, YOU CAN RESIGN *AFTER* YOU FINISH THIS ASSIGNMENT! SET UP A CAMERA AND MICROPHONE ON MAPLE AND 10TH! I'LL THINK A BIG BOOKIE MAKES HIS PAY-OFFS THERE!

CLICK

THE NEXT DAY, ROGERS SECRETLY INSTALLS THE VIDEO LINE...

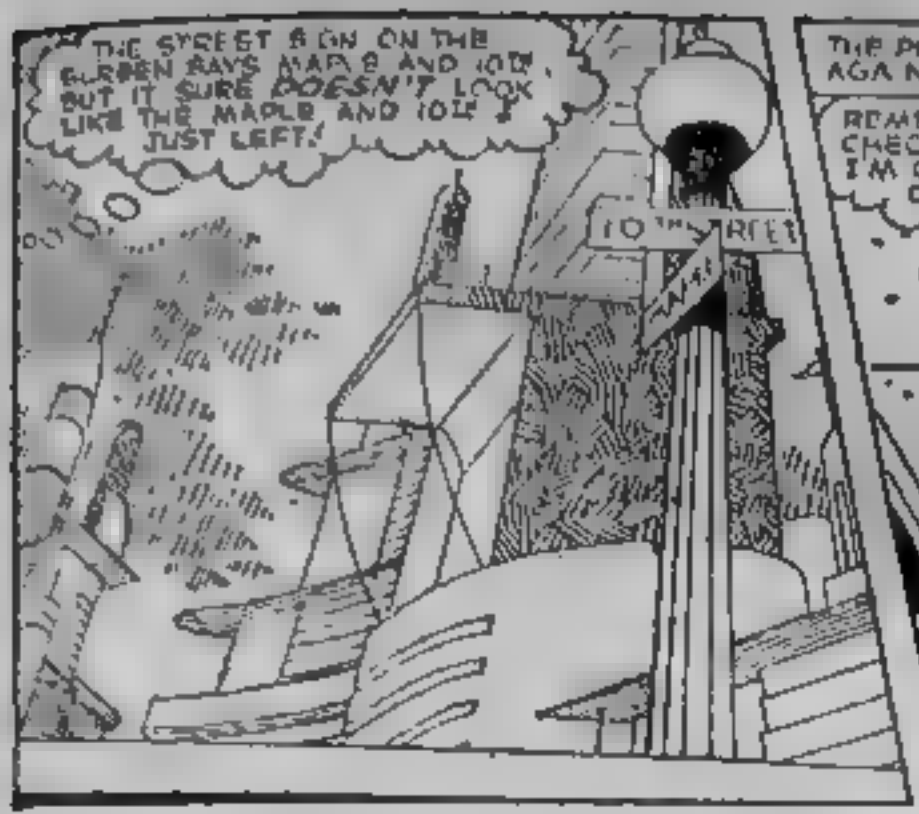
THAT HYDRANT WILL CAMOUFLAGE THE CAMERA AND MIKE PERFECTLY! NOW TO GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND CHECK THE MONITOR!

10TH ST.

MAPLE

BUT AT THE MONITORING CENTER AS HE FOCUSES IN ON THE STREET, ROGERS GAPES INCREDULOUSLY

WHERE'D THAT STREET COME FROM?


THE STREET SIGN ON THE SCREEN SAYS MAPLE AND 10TH, BUT IT SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE MAPLE AND 10TH I JUST LEFT!

THE PUZZLED POLICE OFFICER DRIVES TO THE STREET AGAIN...
THIS IS JUST THE WAY I REMEMBERED IT! AND THE LINE CHECKS PERFECTLY! WHATEVER I'M GETTING ON THE SCREEN DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

RETURNING TO HIS CONTROL BOARD ROGERS ONCE AGAIN TURNS IN ON THE STREET AS ONE MORE THE STARTLING AND STRANGE SCENE FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...
NOW WHAT IS THAT CONTRAPTION?

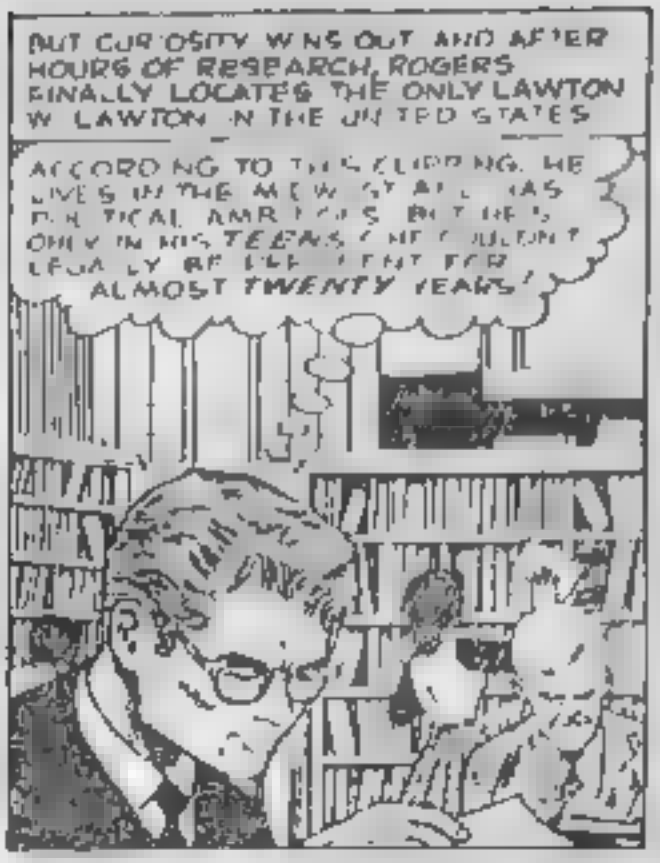
THANKS FOR THE LIFT!
ANY TIME! YOU HELPED ME OUT WHEN MY 'COPTER-CAR WAS GETTING ITS ATOMIC FUEL PILE RECHARGED!

MONITORING HEADQUARTERS
MAPLE

MINUTES LATER THE SQUAD CAR CALLS IN: ALL IS NORMAL
YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING FLYING AROUND THERE?
FLYING? NOTHING BUT A COUPLE OF PARKED CARS HERE!

BEWILDEREDLY, ROGERS WATCHES THE SCREEN...
DID YOU SEE WHAT PRESIDENT LAWTON DID TODAY?
YES THAT WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA OF HIS. I THINK LAWTON W. LAWTON IS THE FINEST PRESIDENT THIS COUNTRY EVER HAD.

LAWTON W LAWTON IS PRESIDENT THIS IS TOO MUCH
CLICK


BUT CURIOSITY WINS OUT AND AFTER HOURS OF RESEARCH, ROGERS FINALLY LOCATES THE ONLY LAWTON W LAWTON IN THE UNITED STATES
ALMOST TWENTY YEARS!

RETURNING TO HIS CONTROL ROOM, ROGERS AGAIN FOCUSES ON THE STARTLING STREET
THERE ARE THOSE 'COPTER-CARS AGAIN! AND I KNOW I'M NOT DREAMING THIS UP!

THOSE PEOPLE ARE MOVING, BUT THEY'RE NOT WALKING! THEY'RE STANDING STILL ON SLIDEWALKS!

DID YOU TRY THE SPACE STATION SUPERMARKET TODAY? THEY'VE A SPECIAL ON DINNER CONCENTRATES! THIS VIAL'S GOOD FOR A WEEK'S FOOD FOR A FAMILY OF FIVE!

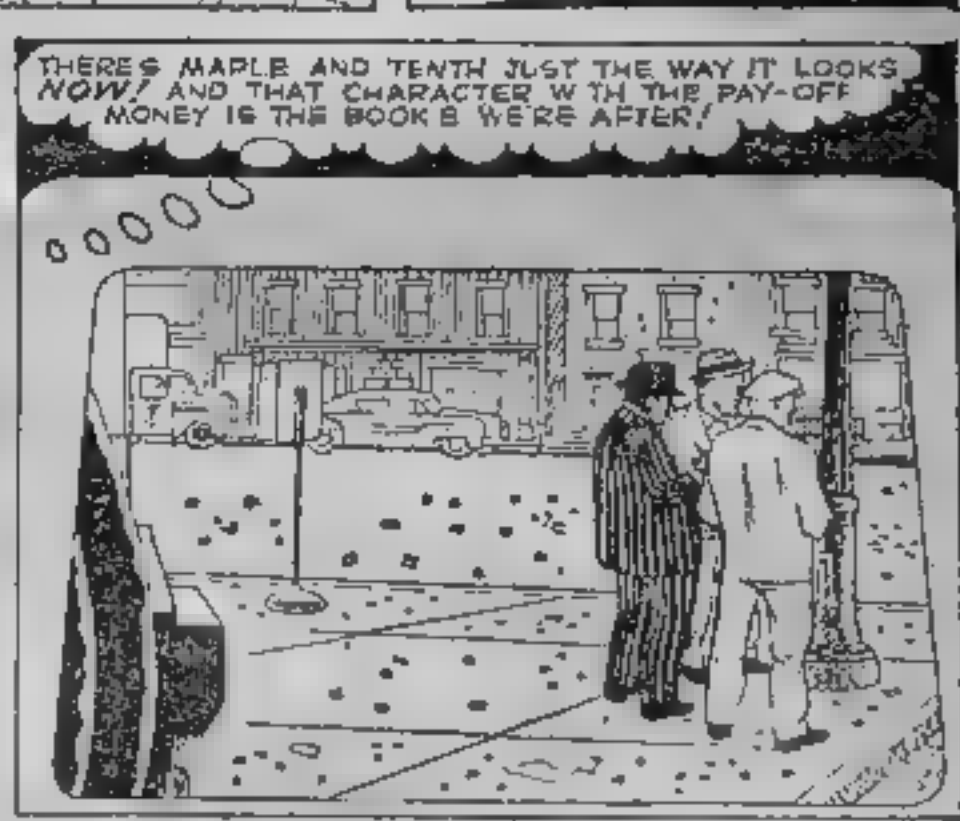
SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT A TELEVISION CABLE INTO THE FUTURE BUT I KEEP WONDERING WHY!

DID YOU READ ABOUT THAT OLD POLICE OFFICER, JACK ROGERS? HE SURE SAVED US!
THOSE CHARACTERS FROM THE FUTURE MENTIONED MY NAME!

AND THEN SUDDENLY, THE NEWSPAPER COMES INTO SHARP FOCUS ON THE MONITORING SCREEN...
ROGERS STOPS SPY SUPER THREAT

SEEMS THIS ROGERS IS AN OLD TELEVISION MONITORING EXPERT! HE SET UP A SECRET LINE BY A FOREIGN EMBASSY AND GOT THE GOODS ON A SPY WHO WAS TO SIGNAL HIS COUNTRY WHEN TO ATTACK US. LUCKY ROGERS IS ON OUR POLICE FORCE!

AND THEN SUDDENLY THE TELEVISION SCREEN LOSES ITS PICTURE...


THERE'S MAPLE AND TENTH JUST THE WAY IT LOOKS NOW! AND THAT CHARACTER WITH THE PAY-OFF MONEY IS THE BOOKIE WE'RE AFTER!

SO JACK ROGERS SENDS A SQUAD CAR SPEEDING TO THE SCENE IN TIME TO CATCH THE BOOKIE.
NO, THAT THE BOOKIE IS NOW, I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE ROGERS! HERE'S YOUR REGULATION NEST EGG, JUST SIGN

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SOMETHING I SAW CHANGED MY MIND FOR ME. I'M STICKING TO THESE MONITORING SCREENS FOR ANOTHER THIRTY YEARS!

THE END

NANCY CARTLON IS TWELVE YEARS OLD, AND IF ANYONE WANTS TO FIND HER, THEY CAN ALWAYS BE CERTAIN SHE'S WATCHING THE HANDSOME TWO-FAMILY HOUSE!

THE DOLL HOUSE!

A STRANGE JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY!

Gene Colan

F786

PERHAPS, IT'S WATCHING THE BOY HER OWN AGE, WHITTLING ON THE PORCH NEAR HIS FATHER, THAT INTRIGUES HER...

. OR MAYBE SHE ENJOYS PEEKING THROUGH THE WINDOW AT THE NEW-BORN BABY GIRL IN THE HOUSE...

BUT NANCY DOES MORE THAN MERELY OBSERVE THE OCCUPANTS OF THE HOUSE! SHE MAKES UP STORIES THAT CREATE SITUATIONS THERE! ONCE SHE TELLS THE BOY'S FATHER HOW HE SNEAKS OUT AT NIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN PIPE...

THEN SHE WATCHES UNTIL LATE THAT NIGHT, AS THE BOY'S FATHER WAITS FOR THE DRAMATIC MOMENT...

BUT THAT MOMENT NEVER COMES, AND RISKING THE FATHER'S WRATH, NANCY TELLS HIM IT WAS ALL A JOKE...

THE FATHER TAKES IT GOOD-HUMOREDLY, AND THE PUZZLED BOY LOOKS DOWN TO SEE WHY HE WAS LAUGHING...

THE PEOPLE IN THE TWO-FAMILY HOUSE MAKE UP AN EXCITING WORLD OF CHARACTERS FOR NANCY! HOW FASCINATEDLY SHE GAZES, THE FIRST TIME THE NEW BABY IS TAKEN OUTSIDE...

AND WHEN THE YOUNG BOY SEEMS TO WANT TO PLAY BALL WITH HER, NANCY WATCHES SHYLY, BUT INTERESTEDLY, UNTIL SUDDENLY...

AND AS NANCY OPENS HER SCHOOL BOOKS, HER PARENTS LOOK AT THE ELABORATE DOLL HOUSE...

THE NEXT DAY, HER FATHER TACTFULLY BRINGS UP THE SUBJECT...

LONG AFTER HER PARENTS THINK HER ASLEEP THAT NIGHT, NANCY STAYS UP, LOOKING SADLY AT HER DOLL HOUSE AND HER DOLL FRIENDS...

THE NEXT DAY, DESPITE HER PLEAS, NANCY SEES HER FATHER CARRY THE HOUSE UP TO THE ATTIC, AND COVER IT OVER...

BUT AS TIME PASSES, NANCY FORGETS THE DOLL HOUSE THAT GATHERS DUST IN THE ATTIC...

TEN YEARS LATER, RETURNING FROM HER HONEYMOON, NANCY AND HER HUSBAND SETTLE DOWN IN HER PARENTS' HOME...

AS HER HUSBAND DESCENDS FROM THE ATTIC, NANCY LIFTS OFF THE COVER...

NANCY REACHES DOWN ALONG THE DUSTY ROOMS AND LIFTS OUT TWO OF THE DOLLS..THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS FATHER! BUT AS SHE LOOKS AT THEM, HER EYES STARE IN ASTONISHMENT...

BEWILDERED, SHE SEARCHES THROUGH THE DOLL HOUSE FOR THE "NEW-BORN BABY"! NANCY FINDS HER, BUT NOW SHE'S TEN YEARS OLD!

THE END

KID MONTANA

JOE CRANE OWNED THE MONTANA DRIFTER TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS -- HE SAID HE'D PAY H M IN HIS HOME TOWN, BROKEN BEND!

THE PAYOFF

KID MONTANA SPOTTED THE SNIPER, AND...
CALL 'EM OFF CRANE!

COOL OFF, KID-- I'LL PAY YUH, LIKE I SAID I WOULD! HERE--I'LL GIVE YUH THE MONEY RIGHT NOW!
THAT SUITS ME! I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE THIS TOWN MUCH ANYHOW!

HE'S DOING JUST WHAT JOE CRANE SAID HE'D DO! THAT SADDLE-BUM IS HOLDIN' UP MR. CRANE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MAIN STREET!

HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY CRANE WAS GRINNING...
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, CRANE? YUH PAID ME TWO THOUSAND JUST LIKE YUH...
YOU'LL GET THE JOKE AFTER A WHILE, MONTANA! I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOME TIME!

IT WASN'T UNTIL CRANE PUT UP HIS HANDS AND BACKED UP THAT KID MONTANA KNEW HOW HE'D BEEN FRAMED...
DON'T RUN FOR IT, BUDDY! IF YOU DO, WE'LL ALL CUT LOOSE!
MR. CRANE SAID YOU'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT! DROP THE GUN!

I'M A BONEHEAD--CRANE FRAMED ME REAL NICE-- AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

THE TOWN JAIL WAS RICKETY. THE MONTANA LAWYER FIGURED HE COULD BREAK OUT ANY TIME HE WANTED TO...

LET HIM GO, MISTER, QUICK OR...
I'LL TURN 'IM LOOSE FRIEND! PUT AWAY THE CANNON!

I WARNED HIM ABOUT YOU, MONTANA! LISTEN -- I PULLED THIS STUNT TO SAVE THE TWO THOUSAND I OWED YOU! BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO TO STATE PRISON!
KEEP TALKIN'...

I'VE GOT A HORSE BEHIND THE BANK -- THE BARS IN THE WINDOW ARE LOOSE! TEAR 'EM OUT AN' RUN FOR IT! I'LL KEEP THE SHERIFF BUSY!
BANK

IT SOUNDED LOGICAL... AND PHONEY TO THE MONTANA KID! BUT HE DECIDED TO PLAY IT JOE CRANE'S WAY! IT WAS HIS ONLY CHANCE...
CRANE GOT THE HORSE PLANTED ACROSS THE STREET BEHIND THE BANK! HE MUST HAVE A REASON FOR THAT... A REASON CONNECTED WITH THE BANK!

THERE'S A DIM LIGHT IN THE BACK OF THE BANK -- I SURE WISH I HAD A GUN ON ME NOW!

NOT HERE! THE HORSE IS AROUND IN BACK! BEAT IT OR I'LL...
SO THIS IS WHY CRANE HELPED ME BREAK OUT!

I'LL TELL THE OTHERS I CAUGHT YUH AT THE VAULT...
BETTER TELL EM QUICK--I'M COMIN' FOR YUH!

YUH BLASTED FOOL! YUH'LL RUN BOTH!
BLAM!

OOOF!

THE FRIGHTENED GUNMAN WAS BABBLING AS SOON AS HE GOT HIS BREATH...
NEVER MIND THEM! WHO TOLD YUH TO DO THIS? WHO WERE YUH GONNA SPLIT THE LOOT WITH?
JOE CRANE! HE PLANNED IT--HE SAID THEY'D CHASE YOU AFTER YUH BROKE JAIL! THAT'S WHY HE FRAMED YUH IN THE FIRST PLACE!

HERE'S HIS GUN, SHERIFF! I'LL GO BACK TO A CELL AN' STAND TRIAL NOW!
KEEP IT--CAN'T LOCK YUH UP. NOHOW! I NEED MORE CELLS THAN I GOT ANYHOW!

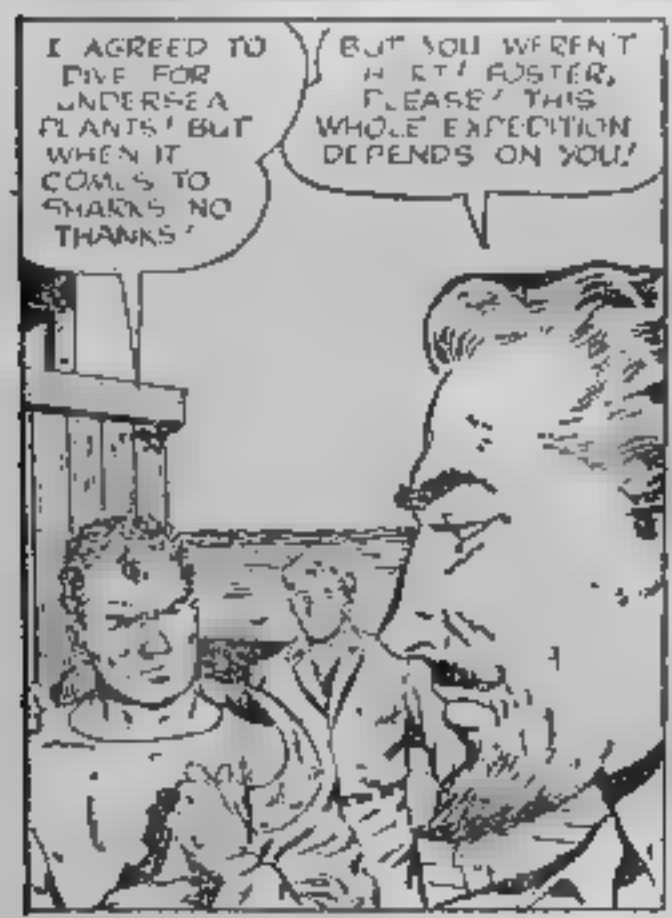
JOE CRANE TRIED TO KEEP ME FROM CHASIN' YOU! I LOCKED 'IM UP TILL I FOUND OUT WHY! NOW I KNOW--I'LL THROW THIS GALOOT IN WITH HIM! COME OVER TUH THE JAIL, MISTER--I'LL GIVE YUH YOUR GUNS AN' YOUR MONEY!
THIS IS A PRETTY NICE TOWN AFTER ALL, SHERIFF!
END

SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC LIES A SECRET WHICH MEN HAVE SOUGHT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS! BUT NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT NOW, THANKS TO...

THE FURY OF NICK FOSTER!

FOSTER! THIS IS SPAULDING! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?
TAKE ME UP!

A THOUSAND MILES FROM NOWHERE IT BEGINS ... A FRIEND IS HAULED TOPSIDE ...
OKAY, SPAULDING I'VE HAD IT! GET YOURSELF A NEW BOY! I QUIT!


I AGREED TO DIVE FOR UNDERSEA PLANTS! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SHARKS NO THANKS!
BUT YOU WEREN'T HURT! FOSTER, PLEASE! THIS WHOLE EXPEDITION DEPENDS ON YOU!

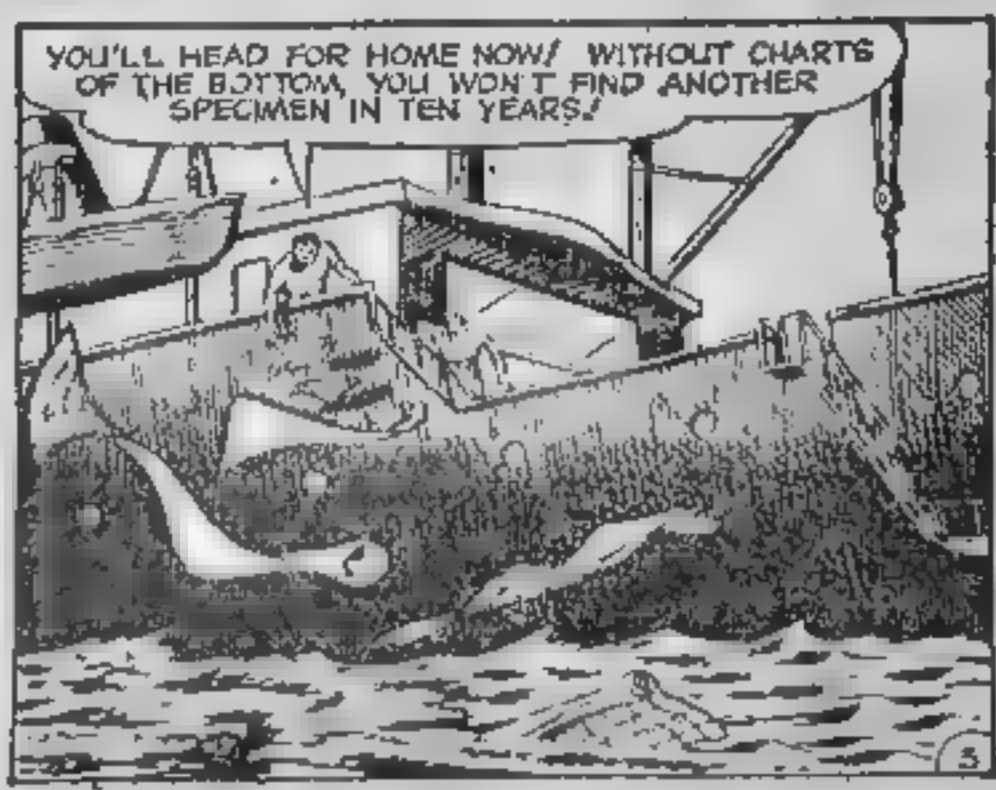
RADIO MESSAGE FOR YOU, NICK... IT JUST CAME IN!
FOSTER LISTEN TO ME! YOU CAN'T QUIT!

CAN'T I? THIS IS FROM MY FRIEND. HE WANTS ME FOR A SALVAGE JOB! TREASURE! I'LL BE RICH!
MEANING YOU'LL BE WANTING TO GET BACK TO PORT? ALL RIGHT, YOU WANT BUT NOT UNTIL WE SAY SO!

YOU SIGNED A CONTRACT AND YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE UP TO IT. WE'RE NOT GOING BACK!
SO IT'S LIKE THAT, EH? I'VE GOT A FORTUNE WAITING FOR ME AND YOU WANT ME TO KEEP WORKING FOR YOU! OKAY, WE'LL SEE!

IT'S AN ANGRY MAN WHO GOES BELOW AFTER THAT ... A MAN WITH A PLAN!
FOSTER! HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING? YOU HAVEN'T SENT UP A SPECIMEN IN THREE DAYS!
THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PLANT IN SIGHT

DAY AFTER DAY, THE LIE GOES ON! BUT IN THE END, THE *TRUTH* BRINGS THINGS TO A HEAD!



HALF A DOZEN BLOCKS OF STONE SEE DAYLIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME! A SHIP STEAMS WESTWARD, AND A MAN SMILES...

A MAN SNEERS... BUT THAT SNEER CHANGES INTO A SICK, AGONIZED LOOK OF REGRET!

THE CRAZY CAR!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME! YOU CAN'T CONVINCE ME THIS JALOPY WILL RUN WITHOUT FUEL OF ANY KIND!

BUT IT'S *TRUE!* I INVENTED IT··· AND IT'LL GO FASTER THAN ANYTHING THAT MOVES-- WITHOUT ANY KIND OF FUEL!

KURT BAXTER LISTENED TO THE OLD MAN WHO HAD WALKED UP TO HIM ON THE STREET! HE HEARD THE OLD MAN'S STORY, LOOKED AT THE OLD CAR, AND THEN EXPLODED WITH ANGER!

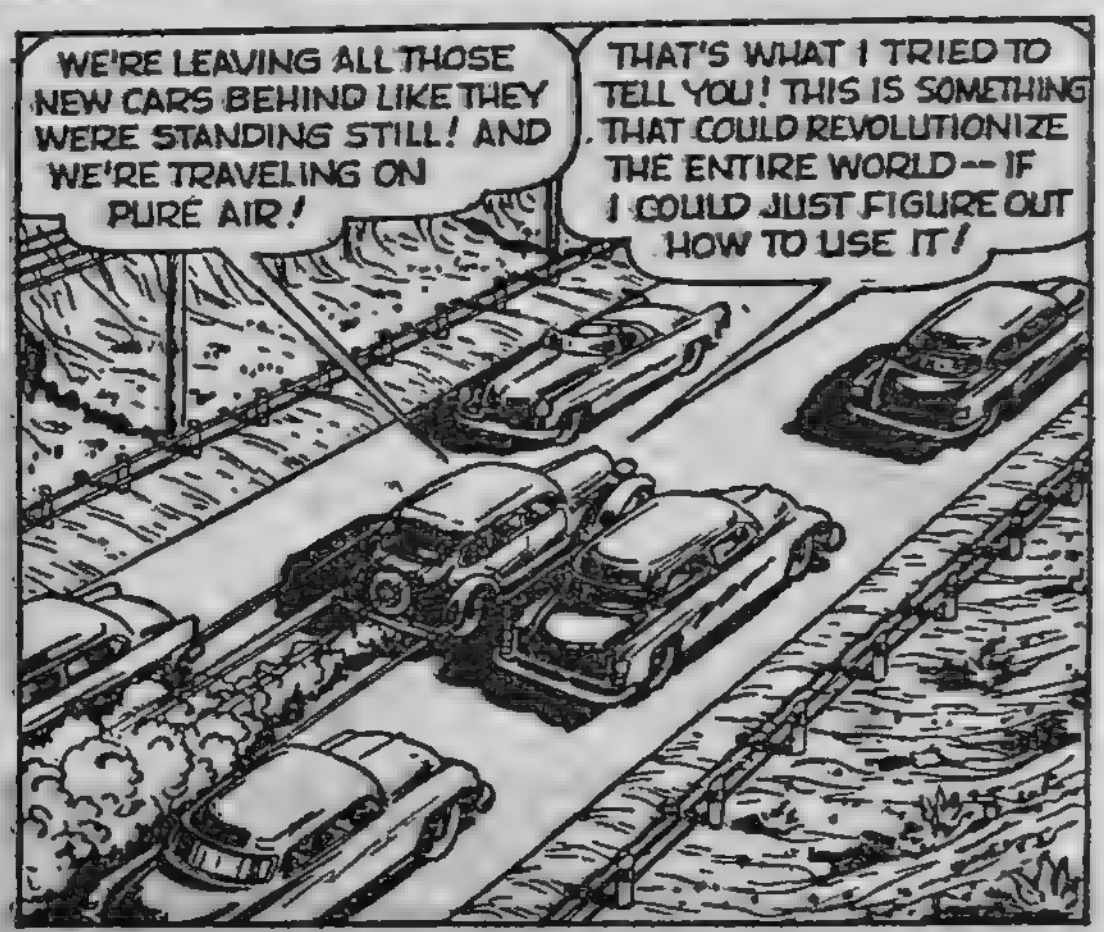
F-274

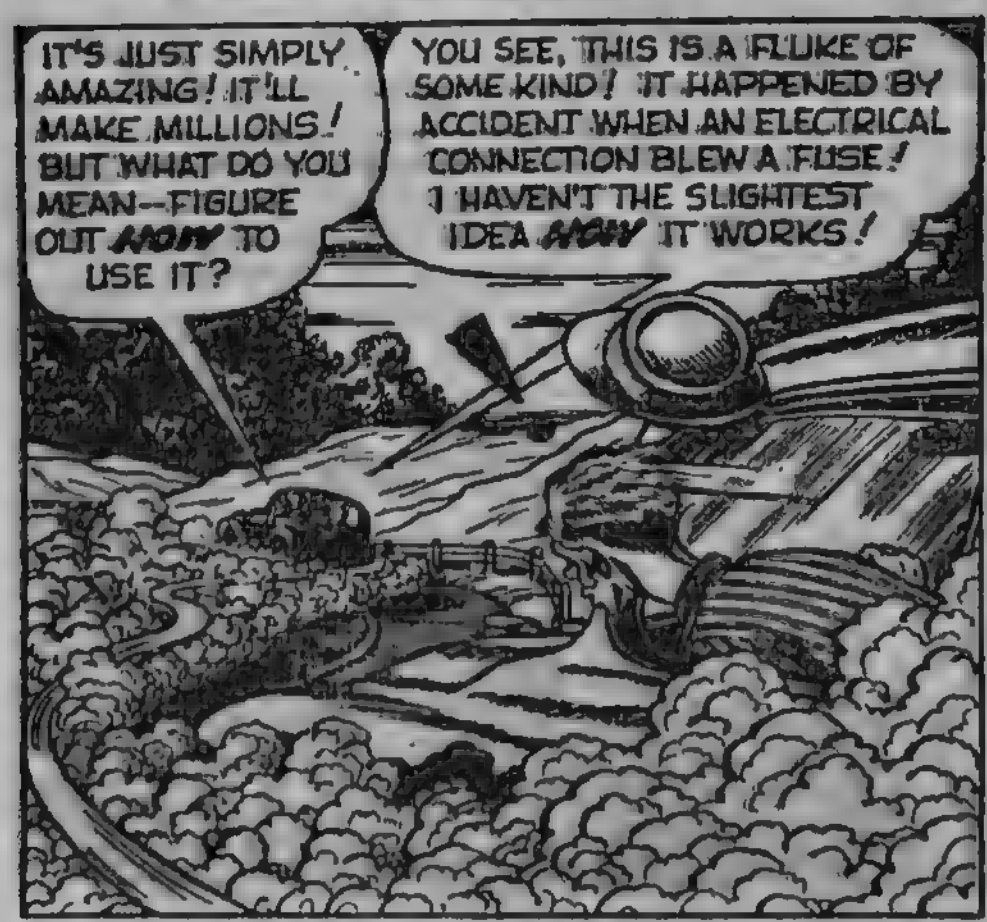
YOU REALLY WANT ME TO DRIVE THIS CAR WITHOUT FUEL?
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PROVE WHETHER OR NOT I'M INSANE! CHECK THE GAS TANK TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO FUEL, AND THEN DRIVE IT!

NOT A DROP! OKAY, I KNOW I'M JUST WASTING MY TIME, BUT I'LL GET IN AND START HER UP, TO SATISFY YOU!
YOU'LL HAVE THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE!

SO KURT BAXTER LET HIMSELF BE TALKED INTO GETTING BEHIND THE WHEEL OF AN ANCIENT 1936 RATTLETRAP WITH NO GAS IN THE TANK!! --- HE TURNED THE KEY, AND PRESSED THE STARTER...
HEY, WHAT TH--? IT STARTED! AND WITHOUT GAS!!
I TOLD YOU! WAIT-- YOU'LL SEE MORE!
VROOOOMM

I MUST BE DREAMING! WE'RE ACTUALLY MOVING DOWN THE ROAD!
NOW PUSH THE PEDAL ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE FLOOR, AND YOU'LL SEE!


WE'RE LEAVING ALL THOSE NEW CARS BEHIND LIKE THEY WERE STANDING STILL! AND WE'RE TRAVELING ON PURE AIR!
THAT'S WHAT I TRIED TO TELL YOU! THIS IS SOMETHING THAT COULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE ENTIRE WORLD -- IF I COULD JUST FIGURE OUT HOW TO USE IT!


IT'S JUST SIMPLY AMAZING! IT'LL MAKE MILLIONS! BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN--FIGURE OUT HOW TO USE IT?
YOU SEE, THIS IS A FLUKE OF SOME KIND! IT HAPPENED BY ACCIDENT WHEN AN ELECTRICAL CONNECTION BLEW A FUSE! I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA HOW IT WORKS!

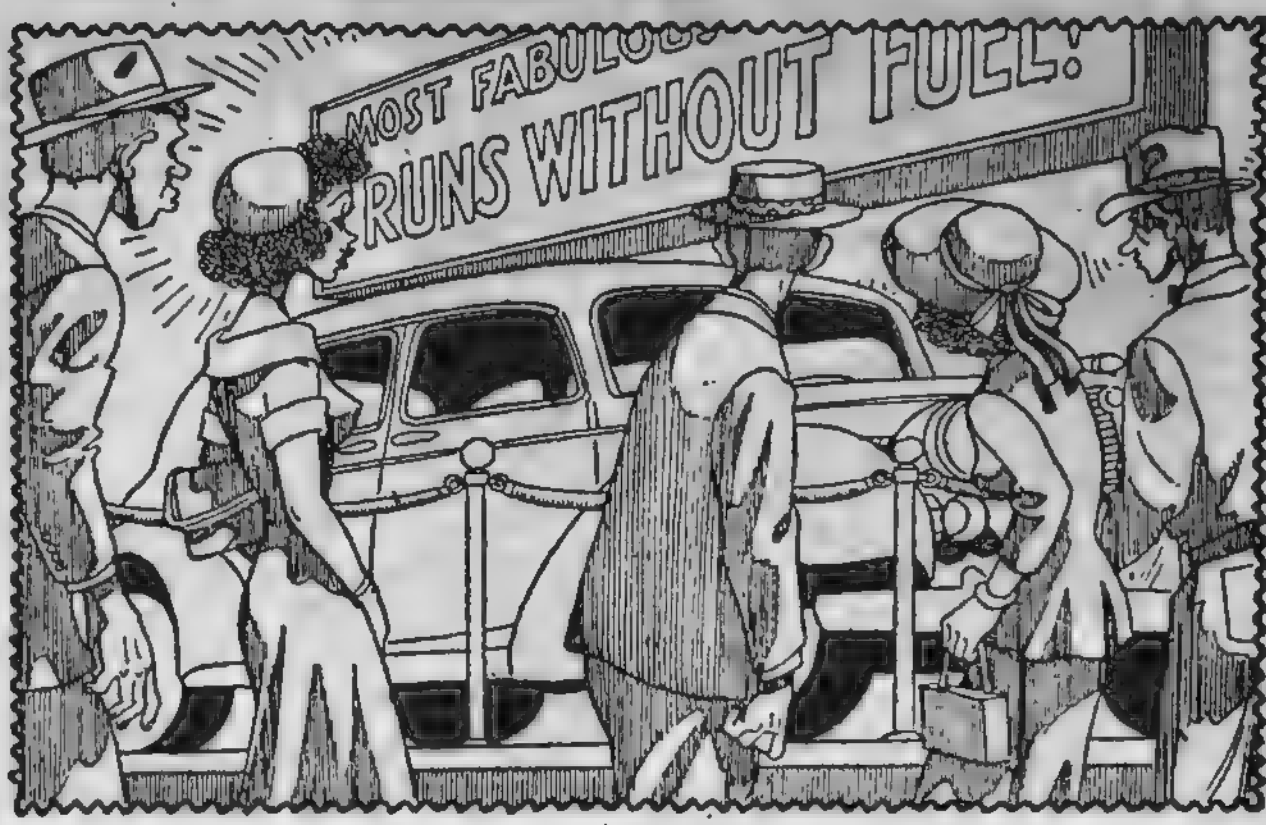
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY---?
YES, WE CAN'T DUPLICATE THE CAR! I'M COMPLETELY IN THE DARK! THAT'S WHY I STOPPED YOU ON THE STREET--- I JUST HAD TO TELL SOMEONE ABOUT IT!

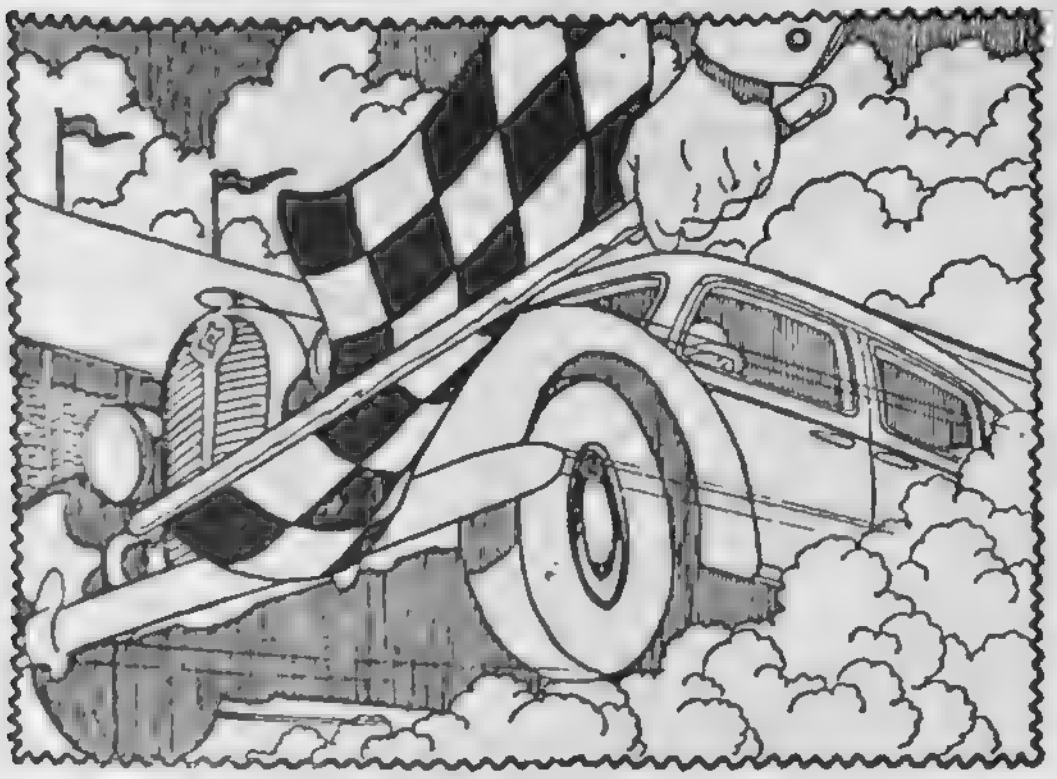
SO NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS BUT YOU AND ME? YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ANYONE?
NO, SIR! BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LET THE GOVERNMENT IN ON IT, SO SCIENTISTS CAN TRY TO FIND THE REAL SECRET!

THIS IS ONE SECRET I'M NOT SHARING WITH ANYONE! AND SINCE YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING MORE ABOUT THIS INVENTION, I DON'T NEED YOU EITHER!

NOW IT'S MINE! THEY'LL NEVER CONNECT ME WITH THAT OLD GEEZER! NOW I GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE A FORTUNE WITH THIS CONTRAPTION!

WHAT CAN I DO WITH THIS THING TO MAKE IT PAY OFF?


"MAYBE I COULD EXHIBIT THE CAR, AND CHARGE ADMISSION FOR PEOPLE TO SEE IT!"
MOST FABULOUS
RUNS WITHOUT FUEL!


"OR I COULD ENTER IT IN THE RACES, AND BET A LOT OF DOUGH ON MYSELF TO WIN! THOSE OTHER CARS WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE!"

---OR I COULD ROB A BANK, AND USE THIS FOR A GETAWAY CAR! NOBODY'D BE ABLE TO CATCH ME--- THEY'D ALL RUN OUT OF GAS TRYING!
FIRST NATIONAL BANK

KURT BAXTER DECIDED TO PUT HIS PLAN INTO IMMEDIATE OPERATION! IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, HE WALKED INTO A BANK AND...

HAND OVER ALL THE CASH IN THOSE BAGS!

Y-YES, SIR! DON'T SHOOT!!

UNCHALLENGED, HE HEADED BACK TO THE CAR WITH HIS LOOT!

NOW LET'S SEE THEM TRY TO CATCH ME!

HERE THEY COME! BOY, HAVE **THEY** GOT A SURPRISE COMING! THEY'LL RUN OUT OF GAS BEFORE THEY EVER GET **NEAR** ME!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! HOW CAN THAT OLD JALOPY GO SO **FAST?**

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! **I'LL** RUN OUT OF GAS, AND **HE'S** STILL GOING STRONG!

DON'T WORRY—THE OTHER SQUAD CAR WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM!

WHEN THE POLICE CARS HAD TO DROP OUT OF THE CHASE BECAUSE OF FUEL EXHAUSTION, POLICE HELICOPTERS TOOK OVER....

THINK THEY'LL GET ME THAT WAY, HUH? WELL, EVEN 'COPTERS TAKE FUEL, AND I CAN KEEP GOING TILL **THEY** CONK OUT, TOO!!

POLICE

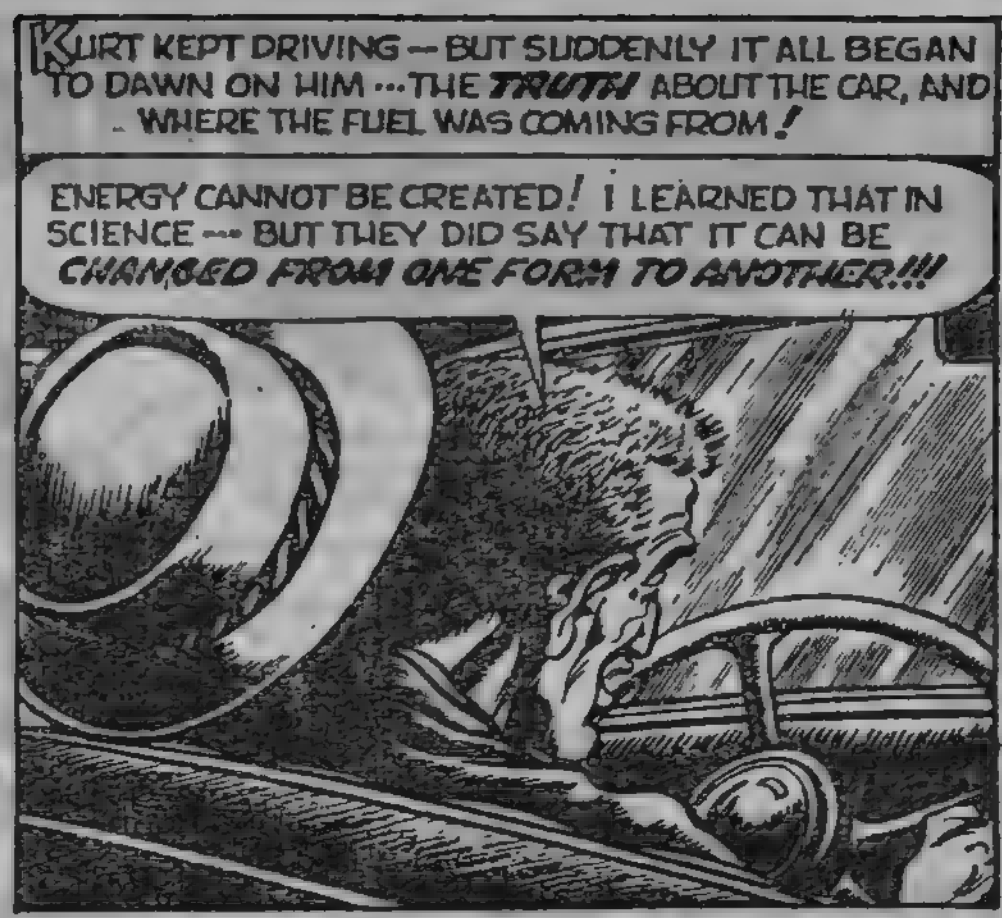
IT'S UNCANNY! HE'S BEEN DRIVING FOR A FULL DAY WITHOUT STOPPING TO REFUEL! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HE'S ALREADY OUTRUN FIVE POLICE CARS!

BUT IN KURT'S CAR, ALL WAS NOT WELL! HIS HAPPINESS WAS SHORT-LIVED WHEN HE NOTICED A SUDDEN PAIN IN HIS CHEST....

MY--MY HEART HURTS! IT FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO **BUST!** I CAN'T **STAND** IT!!

WHAT *IS* IT? WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME ??? MY HEART FEELS LIKE IT'S *AGING!* LIKE IT'S GOING TO *STOP!*


KURT KEPT DRIVING -- BUT SUDDENLY IT ALL BEGAN TO DAWN ON HIM ... THE *TRUTH* ABOUT THE CAR, AND WHERE THE FUEL WAS COMING FROM!
ENERGY CANNOT BE CREATED! I LEARNED THAT IN SCIENCE --- BUT THEY DID SAY THAT IT CAN BE *CHANGED FROM ONE FORM TO ANOTHER!!!*

A STRANGE REACTION BEGAN TO SET IN, EVEN AS HIS ESCAPE SEEMED ASSURED! FIRST, HIS HEART SLOWED DOWN ...

IN THE MIRROR, HE COULD SEE HIS SKIN WRINKLING HORRIBLY ...

THEN, LITTLE BY LITTLE, HIS HAIR BEGAN TO FALL OUT ...

AND IN A SHORT WHILE, HE SAW THAT THE MUSCLES IN HIS BODY WERE WASTING AWAY RAPIDLY ...

HE KNEW NOW THAT, IN SOME STRANGE WAY, THE FUEL THAT WAS DRIVING THE CAR WAS BEING DRAINED FROM HIS VERY LIFE! AND, FINALLY -- INEVITABLY -- KURT RAN COMPLETELY OUT OF GAS!!!
KARASH!

WHEN THE POLICE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE GETAWAY CAR, THEY WERE MORE CONFUSED THAN EVER!
CAN YOU IMAGINE AN OLD GEEZER LIKE *THIS* PULLING A BANK ROBBERY?
HE LOOKS AT LEAST A HUNDRED YEARS OLD! WHERE DO *OLD* GUYS LIKE THAT GET ALL THEIR *ENERGY?*

LITTLE LESLIE NEEDED SOMEONE TO BE HER PLAYMATE. SO SHE CHOSE HER TALKING DOLL! BUT THIS DOLL WAS PROBABLY THE MOST AMAZING [illegible] IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

THELMA!

WHEN HER MOTHER AWAKENS, SHE CALLS LESLIE TO HER ROOM...

LEFT TO HERSELF, LESLIE IS FORCED TO FIND COMPANIONSHIP IN HER LITTLE DOLL, WHO ENDLESSLY REPEATS ITS ONE-WORD VOCABULARY.

AGAIN AND AGAIN, LESLIE TRIES TO GET THE DOLL TO SPEAK, BUT THE SAME WORD IS REPEATED EVERY TIME.

And as her mother recovers in the warm climate Leslie continues her conversations with her doll...

A week later Leslie helps pack...

For an hour, they search the rest home in vain.

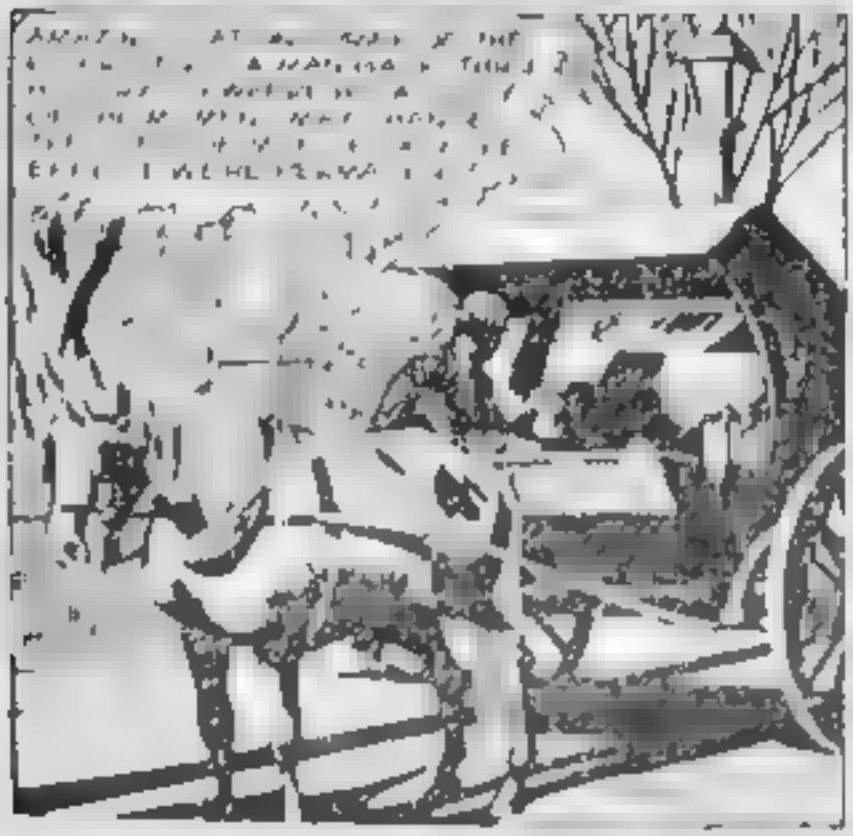
Then runs away a lonely little girl [illegible] a newly-found doll

And across the warm sands, tiny footprints lead to the little girl who needs Thelma now

THE END

THE MYSTERIES OF THE PAST HAVE ALWAYS FASCINATED MAN! MEN HAVE TRIED FOR CENTURIES TO DRAW ASIDE THE VEIL AND WITNESS THE IMPORTANT ACCIDENTS THAT MAKE UP THE STORY OF MAN'S FALTERING WORLD. SUCH A MAN WAS BRILLIANT SCIENTIST DR. WARREN ALDON, WHO LIVED IN VERMONT IN 1906!

the MISSING NAIL!



HIM AND HIS TALK! JUST TOO SMART FOR FOLKS! GUESS I'LL DRIVE THIS RIG INTO THE SHACK BEFORE I UNHITCH THE MARE!

WONDER WHAT THE DOC'S DRINKIN'? GUESS HE WON'T MISS A NIP IF I TAKE IT!

SURE IS QUEER-TASTIN' STUFF! GUESS HE LIKES IT BETTER'N I DO!
GLUG

THAT STUFF MUST BE STRONGER'N I THOUGHT! I FEEL WEAK OR SOMETHING!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHERE'S CHLOE! WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'M HAVING A CRAZY DREAM!
WELL, VAGLET! WHEN WILL THE SHOE BE FINISHED? KING RICHARD WANTS TO RIDE TO BATTLE WHILE YOU CROUCH THERE LIKE A GREAT TOAD!

WHERE CAN I BE? AND WHO'S THE JOKER IN THE TIN SUIT? HOW'D HE KNOW MY NAME... EVEN THOUGH HE DIDN'T SAY IT RIGHT?
SIR JOHN, IS MY STEED READY?
SIRE, THE SMITH IS BUT NOW FINISHING HIS WORK! I'LL HAVE HIM RIDE WITH THE HOSTLERS!

HIS MAJESTY ORDERS YOU TO RIDE WITH THE HOSTLERS, KNAVE! THERE MAY BE SOME USE FOR YOUR STRENGTH ON THE FIELD!
THIS IS A MEAN ONE! AND WHO'S KING RICHARD? BETTER DO AS I'M TOLD TILL I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT I'M DOIN' HERE!

SO PETER VARLEY, NEW ENGLAND BLACKSMITH, FOUND HIMSELF PART OF THE ARMY OF KING RICHARD III AS IT MARCHED TO THE FATEFUL BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD THAT GRAY DAY IN 1485...

AT BOSWORTH FIELD, JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE...

BUT BEFORE SIR JOHN COULD REACH HIM, THE ELIXIR FADED AND VARLEY WAS BACK HOME...

COMPANION COMICS IN THIS SERIES

AVAILABLE MONTHLY

★

SUSPENSE

★

SINISTER TALES

★

CREEPY WORLDS

★

SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN

★

UNCANNY TALES

★

ASTOUNDING STORIES

★

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW